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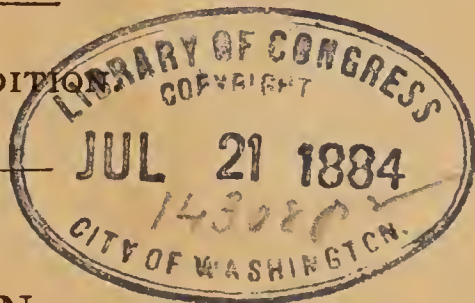
OLD ORCHARD HOUSE..... E. C. STAPLES, Proprietor.

Bufford Boston & New York

HISTORICAL SKETCHES
OF
OLD ORCHARD
AND THE
SHORES OF SACO BAY
BIDDEFORD POOL,
OLD ORCHARD BEACH,
PINE POINT,
PROUT'S NECK.

John S. Locke
BY J. S. LOCKE.

ENLARGED EDITION



BOSTON:
C. H. WOODMAN & CO., PUBLISHERS,
1884.

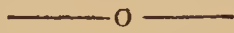
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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.



The great popularity of this volume among historians, tourists and general readers, has induced the publishers to issue it with notes and additions by the author, bringing it down to the present year, and making a volume of instructive and entertaining historical literature, and a valuable souvenir for every visitor of Old Orchard.

C. H. WOODMAN & Co.

Boston, May 1, 1884.

PREFACE.

SOME travellers see and enjoy more than others. Those best informed enjoy most. The greater the knowledge of a locality the greater the pleasure of travel. What to one is a barren, useless tract, with nothing of interest, is to another a thrilling reminder of early warfare, heroic struggles, and daring deeds. What to one is a pile of moss-grown ruins is to another a land-mark of early history. A house, old-fashioned and shattered, is to one uninteresting and unsightly, while to another who knows its history it has the charm of romances. The weather-beaten grave-stone which one passes unheeded another looks upon with reverence. Nearly every spot along the shores of Saco Bay is hallowed by thrilling associations and interesting reminiscences. To present some of these in a concise form for the entertainment of the numerous patrons of Old Orchard, and Biddeford Pool, as well as to interest the general reader, and preserve from oblivion some historical incidents never before published, has occasioned the author to issue this little volume. J. S. L.

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TOPOGRAPHY OF SACO BAY.

(ABRIDGED FROM UNITED STATES COAST SURVEY.)

SACO BAY is on the coast of Maine, in latitude 43° , longitude 70° . It is one hundred miles east from Boston, and fifteen miles west from Portland, and is formed by PROUT'S NECK on the north, and FLETCHER'S NECK on the south. Its width from Fletcher's to Prout's Neck is five miles. On Fletcher's Neck is the village called Biddeford Pool. On Prout's Neck are several summer cottages and hotels. The Bay extends into the land about three miles, and its shores are nearly semicircular. At the north, just south of Prout's Neck, the DUNSTAN RIVER, and at the south just north of Fletcher's Neck the SACO RIVER and GOOSE FARE BROOK, about an equal distance between, all empty into this Bay. The towns of Biddeford, Saco, and Scarborough, are on its shores, and from the Dunstan to the Saco River, a distance of six miles, there is a continuous solid sand beach. The northern portion of the beach is in the town of Scarborough, and is called PINE POINT. The central portion is called OLD ORCHARD BEACH, and from Goose Fare Brook to Saco River was formerly called FERRY BEACH, but now known as WEST OLD ORCHARD or BAY VIEW; but the whole shore between the Saco and the Dunstan River is known by the general term of OLD ORCHARD.

There are several islands in the Bay. One mile and a half south by west of Prout's Neck is STRATTEN'S ISLAND. It is low, bare of trees, about half a mile long, and has a group of houses on the south-western end. A quarter of a mile north-west of Stratten's is BLUFF ISLAND, about one hundred and fifty yards long, and has a cluster of trees in nearly the middle. The rest of the islands in the Bay are near Fletcher's Neck. The largest is WOOD ISLAND; it lies off the entrance of Saco River, and forms a natural breakwater for the protection of WINTER HARBOR. It

is four and a half miles from Prout's Neck. It is about eight hundred yards long, and nearly covered with trees. On the eastern extremity is WOOD ISLAND LIGHT HOUSE, which consists of a tower connected with the keeper's dwelling. The tower is forty-seven feet high and shows a revolving red light (flashing every minute). The light stands sixty-two feet above the ocean level, and is visible for thirteen miles. A fog-bell, struck by machinery, is placed near the light-house, and is sounded two blows in rapid succession, then a pause of twenty seconds, followed by a single blow, and so on alternately during thick and foggy weather.

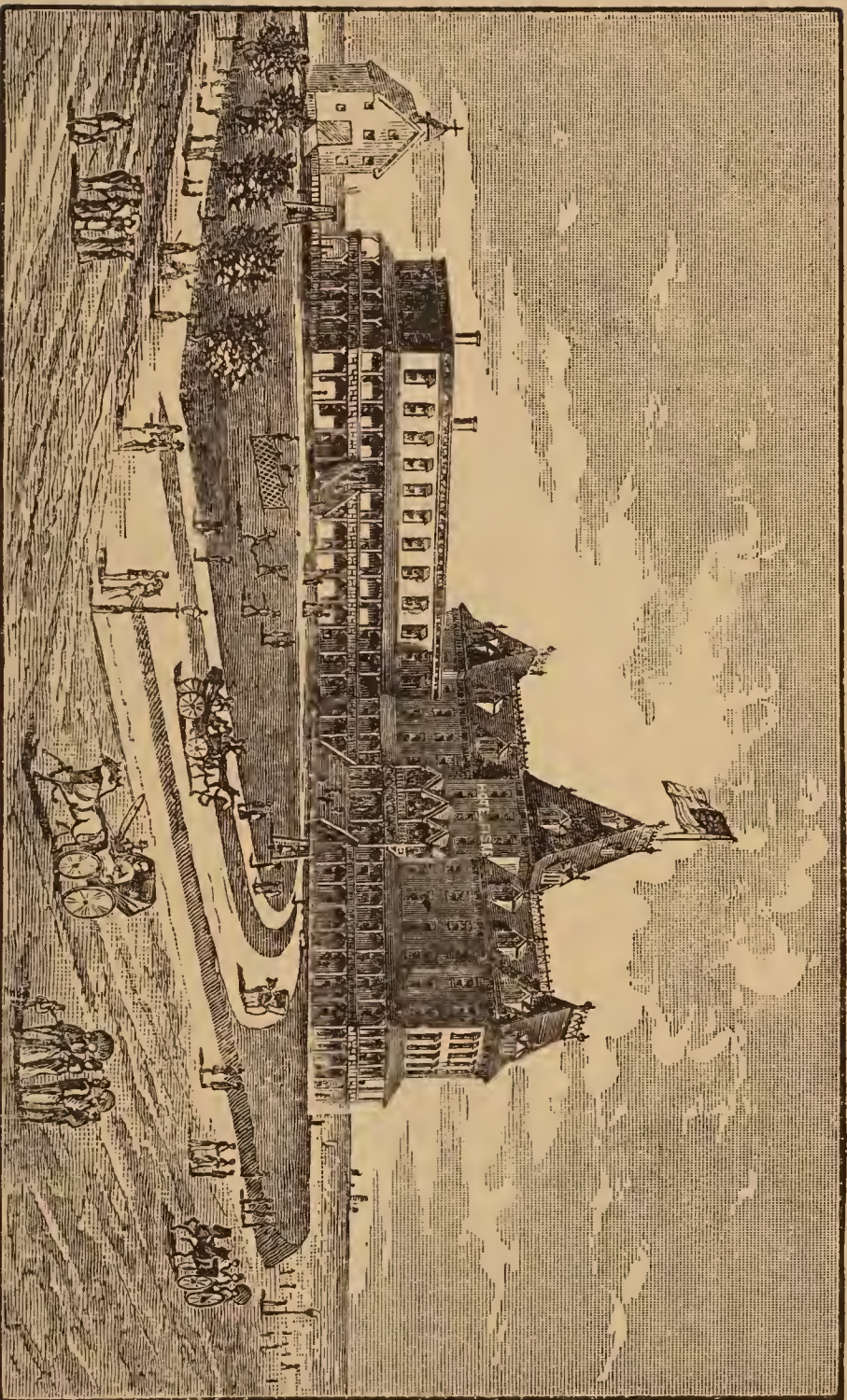
NEGRO ISLAND is about two hundred and fifty yards west of Wood Island, and at low tide is connected with it by a ledge on Rocky Bar.

STAGE ISLAND is eight hundred yards west of Negro Island. It is four hundred yards long and entirely bare of trees. It lies E.NE. and W.SW., and on the north-eastern end is a monument built of graystone, forty feet high and surmounted by a circular cap. This is called STAGE ISLAND MONUMENT, and is the day guide to Winter Harbor. At low tide Stage Island is connected with the mainland of Biddeford from Parker's Neck by a pebbly bar. One quarter mile west of Stage Island is BASKET ISLAND, about one hundred and fifty yards in diameter. Two-thirds of a mile from the middle of Stage is RAM ISLAND. It is oval in shape and entirely destitute of trees. It lies east and west, is about one hundred and fifty yards long, and is surrounded by shoals. Three quarters of a mile north of Ram Island is EAGLE ISLAND. It is about one hundred and fifty yards in diameter, and is one mile east from Ferry Beach. It is also destitute of trees, but is covered with green foliage.

At the mouth of Saco River, extending from the northern shore, is a granite pier or breakwater, extending in a south by east direction for eleven hundred yards. The entrance to the river is between this breakwater and Stage Island Monument.

No sailing directions can be given for Saco River entrance, as the sand bar at the entrance is constantly changing, and makes it necessary for strangers to take a pilot.

HOTEL FISKE, Old Orchard Beach, Me.
C. H. FISKE, PROPRIETOR.



Accommodates 300 Guests. (See *Hotel Directory*, Chapter X.)

Shores of Saco Bay, Maine.

I.

EARLY SETTLEMENTS.

Early Settlements. — Circumstances which led to Settlements. — Captain Weymouth's Voyage. — Christianity established. — Treacherous Conduct. — Five Natives stolen. — The Natives educated in England. — Sir Ferdinando Gorges interested in America. — Plymouth Company formed. — Captain Vines sent to Saco River. — First English Habitation. — A Severe Winter at Biddeford Pool. — Ancient Lease. — Thomas Rogers at Old Orchard. — First Importation of Domestic Animals. — Steps toward Civilization.

A SINGLE pebble or a fallen leaf may turn the channel of the rivulet as it ripples down the mountain, and the river flowing from it may water fields and forests far opposite from its original course. Thus little events sometimes turn the current of human thought, and change the character of nations.

The following incident, which occurred near the Penobscot River, led to the settlement of English merchantmen and explorers on the shores of Saco Bay :

In 1605 an English exploring vessel, sent out by King James I., and commanded by Captain George Weymouth, was cruising along the coast of Maine. Previously to this the French government had explored the coast and laid claim to the lands, and the English government, in order to establish a claim, sent Weymouth on a voyage. He landed at several places and set up a cross in token that the Christian religion was to be there established, and that the lands were the possession of his sovereign James I. But Weymouth's christianity was contradicted by his subsequent treacherous conduct. While at anchor near the mouth of the Penobscot River, he with his men visited the natives in their settlements. They were a rude people roving through their primitive forests, free as the wild birds that sang over their heads. They had no habitations of wood or stone; the rude wigwam was their only shelter, and skins of wild beasts and braided matting their only covering. They had no woven fabrics or implements of metal. The flint-pointed spear and arrow, the bow from hickory or hemlock, the battle-axe of stone, and the heavy wooden war-club, were their only weapons of warfare. The Englishmen were astonished at this rude existence. And the dress, implements, and especially the fire-arms and the ship of the English, were equally marvellous to the minds of the untutored natives. They were friendly, though for a while timid and cautious. Weymouth, however, by the offer of knives and trinkets, allured them on board his ship, and having

invited them to the cabin, the doors were secured, and five of their chief men were thus captured by the treacherous Weymouth and carried to England. This event occurred in 1605, and led to the settlement at the mouth of the Saco River in 1616. On their arrival in England, these natives were objects of great admiration, and Weymouth for a time exhibited them for money as though they were rare specimens of wild animals; but Sir Ferdinando Gorges, a gentleman of wealth and distinction, became interested in them and took them into his family, and under his own special care taught them to speak the English language. They remained with him three years. From them he obtained a knowledge of the coast of Maine, which prompted him to make an effort to plant colonies on this shore. Gorges wrote: "The more I conversed with them the better hope they gave me that the parts where they inhabited were well fitted for purposes of settlement, especially when I found what goodly rivers, stately islands, and safe harbors these parts abounded with." By interesting other persons of distinction in the enterprise, Gorges formed an organization for planting colonies in America. This was called the Plymouth Company, and was composed of intelligent and sagacious men. From King James I., then on the English throne, they obtained a grant of all the land from the Hudson River to Cape Breton, including all the islands within one hundred miles of the coast. The rights of this company were subsequently transferred to forty noble-

men, who granted that portion which is now the State of Maine to Sir Ferdinando Gorges. Hence the right of property was transferred from the crown to individuals, and Gorges became the first individual land-owner of Maine. Explorers were sent out under the management of the Plymouth Company, but many reported the coast as unfit for civilized settlements, and the company became discouraged. Gorges alone remained undaunted. To test the severity of the climate, he sent a crew of thirty-two men, whom he says, "he hired at great cost," and gave the expedition to the direction of Captain Richard Vines, who arrived at the mouth of the Saco River in September, 1616.

Captain Vines spent the autumn in exploring the coast and in traffic with the natives, who had populous settlements on the Saco River. With Indian guides he went up the river as far as Salmon Falls, nineteen miles from the ocean. The forests were in the gorgeous robes of autumn, and no season could better display the grandeur of the country. The natives were friendly, and the explorers visited them in their wigwams, and upon their mats of bear-skin slept securely. The autumn passed pleasantly. The Indian summer, with its long sunny sultry days, came and went. The harvest moon rose round and full, night after night, and silvered the surface of the breeze-ridden ripples that played around the adventurers' vessel, which lay securely moored in the sheltered harbor of the Pool.

The natives returned from their autumnal hunting

with an abundance of furs, which they readily bartered with the English for knives and trinkets. As the autumn wore away they gathered the corn, stored the venison, and spread the wigwam with the skins of the bear and beaver. The adventurers selected a place for winter-quarters. Having explored all the points along the shores of Saco Bay, they selected a spot in Lower Biddeford on the west side of the Pool, a portion of land extending out into the water, known in local nomenclature as *Lighten's Pint*; but John Leighton dwelt here at an early period, hence the correct name, Leighton's Point. Here Captain Vines erected a log cabin, built in it a wide fireplace and chimney from the stones gathered on the beach, thatched it with long grass gathered from the marsh, and spread for a carpet the fragrant boughs of the hemlock. This was the first habitation of civilized man upon the shores of Saco Bay, or within the limits of the present cities of Biddeford and Saco, and at this period our adventurers had no English neighbors nearer than Jamestown, Virginia. The Indians prophesied a hard winter. The corn husks were thick and close about the ear; the beach and walnut burs were thicker than usual; the foxes were wearing thicker fur, and the wild geese flying early southward, — indicating to the superstitious natives that a cold dreary winter was early approaching.

The Englishmen made themselves a secure shelter. Their vessel, in which their supplies were kept, was anchored in the Pool, and the abundance of game

and fish made their circumstances, to lovers of adventure, all that could be desired. The winter was severe and the snow abundant, yet so secure and comfortable was the habitation of the adventurers that the time passed rapidly, and in the spring they returned to England with favorable reports of the country. Their trading and fishing had been a pecuniary success, and Gorges, who had fitted out the expedition, was gratified at the result. The place of this winter expedition received the name of "Winter Harbor." This was several years before the settlement of Massachusetts by the Puritans, whose history has been the theme of the poet and historian for more than two hundred and fifty years. It is here worthy of note that while religious motives prompted the Puritans to seek shelter in the wilds of a new country, our settlers were prompted by a spirit of enterprise and ambition. Had the Puritans been more tolerant, had they allowed others that freedom of conscience which they demanded for themselves, we could reverence their principles; but the bigotry, arrogance, and uncharitableness which they exhibited, leads us to look with more approbation on the motives of our settlers.

For seven years after this first voyage of Captain Vines, he with others was engaged in transporting colonists to this coast, and settlements were made along the shores of Saco Bay at several points. We have but few records to throw light upon the transactions of those years, but in 1623 there were several families residing on each side of the Saco

River, among whom were Richard Vines on the west side, and John Oldham on the east. These two men received from Gorges a grant of all the lands within the present limits of Biddeford and Saco. These grants (the original of which is in possession of the Maine Historical Society) are both dated February 12, 1629, and the wording shows that both of these men had been in the country seven years, and that the grant was made in consideration of their services in transporting hither colonists, and a further agreement to "transport hither, within seven years, fifty settlers, advance the interests of the country, and give strength against the natives and other invaders." The lands were owned by the grantees, and the planters or settlers who came into the country took from them leases for which an annual rent was paid. There is a record of a lease, made by Vines, for one hundred acres of land, for which the lessee was to pay "five shillings, two days' work, and one good fat goose, annually, for 1,000 years."

The occupation of the first settlers was principally fishing. This was the quickest way to get returns for their labor. Dried fish was readily bartered for goods from England and the West Indies. The Virginia colony, which was commenced in 1607, was now raising corn and grain, and the trade with them soon became of importance. Besides the fishing business, some carried on the lumber trade, and shingles and clapboard were shaved from the heart of the primitive pines. A few engaged in farming,

among whom was Thomas Rogers, whose farm, near Goose Fare Brook, became of so much importance that the early geographers designated it on the map as "Rogers' Garden." Rogers settled here in 1638. The trees which he planted remained more than a century, and became the old orchard from which that place takes its name.

In 1631 a cargo of hogs, goats, sheep, and cows was brought into the settlement. This was the first importation of cattle into the State of Maine, and was a valuable acquisition to the colonists. Horses, however, were not introduced till many years later. To own a horse in the early days of the colony was a great luxury. The settlers built their habitations along the shores of the ocean and on the banks of the rivers, so as to be accessible from the water; for by boat was the first means of transportation, and inland journeyings were on foot along the beaches, or by following an Indian trail through the woods. After a few settlements had been established on the coast, a spirit of enterprise was aroused in England, and nearly every month brought some new settlers to this shore, and Saco Bay became an important point. Settlers were scattered along the Saco and Scarborough rivers, at Black Point (Prout's Neck), at Spirwink (Cape Elizabeth), and at Casco (Portland); and the Cape Porpoise, York, Portsmouth, and the Massachusetts colonies, with which our settlers soon opened correspondence, rapidly increased.

There was but little money in any of the settle-

ments. The trade was carried on by bartering one kind of commodity for another. The current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. American coin was not made till 1653, when Captain John Hull was appointed mint-master of Massachusetts, and made silver shillings, six-pences, and three-pences, which soon passed into circulation. No saw-mills were built in Maine till 1653. The houses were all built of logs or hewn timbers. Manual labor was employed in everything. Machinery had not come into use. Household furniture and farm implements were of domestic manufacture. Corn was crushed in wooden mortars; no grist-mills were erected till several years subsequent. The food of the early settlers was principally venison and fish, and their garments of rude domestic fabrics or skins of wild beasts.

These were the first efforts towards civilization. Awkwardly and feebly the infant angel Invention walked beside her stern mother Necessity ere she could fashion from Nature's wild solitude aught to assist her on her destined way. From month to month she gained strength, and at the touch of her magic hand the defiant forests were converted into habitations for civilized man. The sun's genial rays fell upon the fertile soil, and verdant rustling corn sprung up where forests had frowned and wild woods waved.

II.

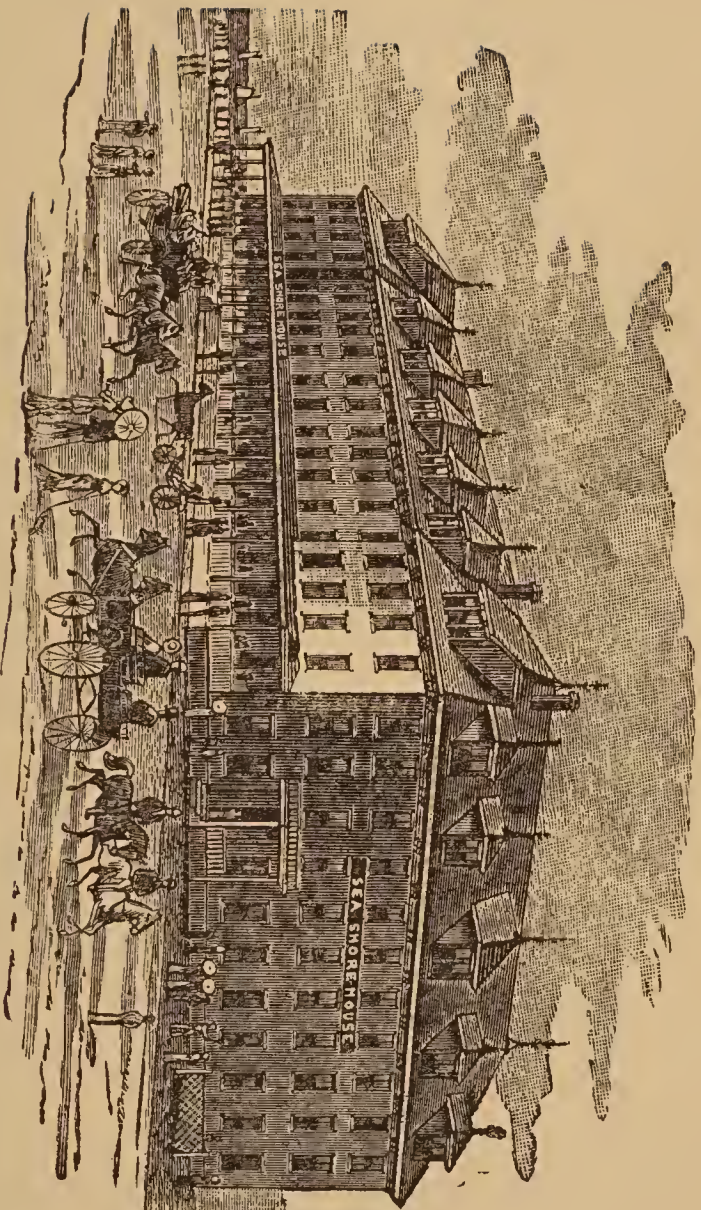
GOVERNMENT AND LAWS.

Absolute Power in Maine. — First Courts. — Earliest Records. — Settlers' Motives. — First Minister Tax. — Rev. Robert Jordan. — Puritan Persecution. — Episcopal Service forbidden. — Parson Fletcher. — Religious Laws. — Whipping-Posts and Stocks. — Happiness in Trial.

IT is a political maxim that no country can be prosperous without civil rulers or some form of government. Our colonists, recognizing this fact, made many rude attempts to establish a government that would be suited to the country and satisfactory to the masses. There are but few records to throw light upon the transactions of the first seven years. As the colonists had come from England, they brought with them the customs of the mother-country, and tried to govern themselves according to those principles. In 1623 Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who was absolute owner of all the lands from the Kennebec to the Piscataqua rivers, sent his son, Robert Gorges, and two other gentlemen to Saco River with authority "to do what they should think just and fit in all cases capital, criminal, civil, and

SEA SHORE HOUSE, . . . Old Orchard Beach, Me.

F. G. STAPLES, PROPRIETOR.



Accommodates 300 Guests. (*See Hotel Directory, Chapter X.*)

military.” This absolute power was the first government of Maine. This failed, and the plan of a general government was adopted, and Sir Ferdinando Gorges was appointed governor. His government was not successful, and in 1636 Captain William Gorges was sent to the colony as governor, with commissions from Sir Ferdinando to several residents to act as councillors in the administration of affairs. On the arrival of the governor with the commissions a meeting was held in the house of Richard Bonython, which stood on the east side of Saco River, near the lower Ferry, or just above the terminus of the Old Orchard Beach Railroad. This meeting of governor and councillors was the first court held in Maine, and the session lasted several days. It was an executive and legislative body, as well as judicial, and exercised a general control of all the affairs of the province. This form of government continued till 1652, when all the colonies in Maine were annexed to Massachusetts, and became subject to her government and protection. In 1677 the heirs of Sir Ferdinando Gorges sold all his lands in Maine to the government of Massachusetts for £1,250, and thus Maine became fully annexed to Massachusetts, and remained under her jurisdiction till 1820, when it became an independent State. Land-titles given by Gorges or by the Plymouth Company previous to the purchase by Massachusetts remained inviolable, hence the settlers on the shores of Saco Bay held their lands under the original titles.

The oldest town records commenced in 1653. These are in the city clerk's office in Biddeford, and are volumes of much interest to those who would review the forgotten past. The petty controversies which were brought before the town for settlement are very amusing, and give us an idea of the rude condition of society in those early days.

Though mercenary motives first brought our settlers to this coast, yet they soon acknowledged the claims of religion, and in 1636, by a vote of the settlement, a tax was raised "for the support of a gospel minister." Richard Vines and all the first settlers were high loyalists and stanch Episcopalians, and the first form of worship here was according to the established usages of the English Church. No clergyman, however, is mentioned till 1640, when Rev. Robert Jordan, of the English Church, came to Spurwink (Cape Elizabeth) and ministered to the inhabitants there and in the neighboring settlements. He probably held the first regular service of the English Church in this settlement. The baptismal font which he brought from England is now at Brunswick, in the possession of the Maine Historical Society. He was the ancestor of the numerous families of Jordans in this vicinity. His early ministerial experiences would form a theme for an interesting volume. After the colonies in Maine submitted to the government of Massachusetts, the Puritan bigotry could no longer tolerate an Episcopalian, and Robert Jordan was summoned before the General Court at Boston, charged with the crime

of baptizing children according to the rites of the English Church. So great was the persecution of the Episcopalians by the Puritans for several years during the sway of Massachusetts, that Mr. Jordan laid aside his ministerial office. But the government again coming into the hands of the king's commissioners, they being loyalists, encouraged the revival of the English Church, and ordered that the "sacraments be administered according to the Church of England," and "the people desired Mr. Jordan to baptize their children."

It seems that for several years the Episcopal service was conducted in the Saco settlement by a layman, for in 1658 it was voted "that Robert Booth should teach the Word on the Lord's day till we have a better in place." The meeting-house was at Winter Harbor, and in 1666 there is recorded a vote of the town meeting in regard to "seating the women in the meeting." Mistress Maverick, Goody Booth, wife of Robert Booth, and Madam Phillips, wife of Major Williams, who built the garrison at Saco Falls which was destroyed in 1675, (see Chapter III,) were to have the most distinguished positions. This was a custom of the old country, as similar records are found in early English churches. In 1661 Rev. Seth Fletcher, a Puritan clergyman, was settled here, and continued his ministrations till 1675; he received a salary of £50, paid in fish and farm products, at a stipulated value.

Parson Fletcher could not tolerate Episcopalians, and there was much controversy in the settlement

between the adherents of the different sects, each trying to hold the ascendancy. A complaint was entered in court against Robert Booth, the Episcopal teacher, "for disturbing the minister." This probably arose out of his opposition to the Puritan doctrine, for Mr. Booth was a very worthy man, and filled important offices in the settlement, and for this offence was acquitted.

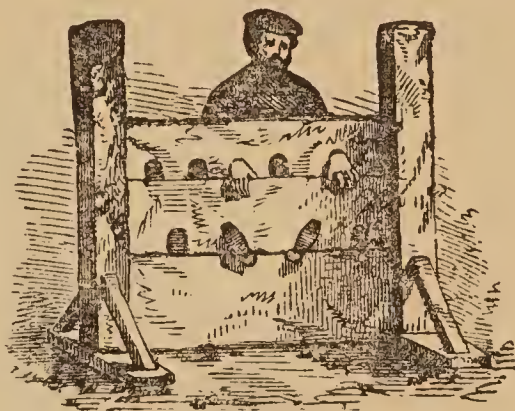
Attendance on public worship was rigidly enforced. "Travelling on the Sabbath" was punished by fine of 10s. A man was fined for "walking a mile on the Sabbath to ask another for his boat next week;" another for "sailing out of the harbor on the Lord's day;" and another for being "a common sleeper on the Lord's day at the meeting;" and the town of Scarboro' was fined for not having a minister. Notwithstanding this strict religious government, the inhabitants were sometimes wayward, for a woman was fined for being a tale-bearer from house to house, "setting differences between neighbors;" and another woman was ordered to be publicly whipped "for abusing Captain Bonython in slanderous and unreverend speeches."

If an inhabitant was obnoxious to his neighbors, the matter was presented in town meetings. In 1670 a vote of the townsmen "forbids Abram Radner his abiding in this town." As the name does not appear in town again, it is evident that Mr. Radner left forever.

The stocks and the whipping-posts were considered essential to the welfare of the community,

and continued in use down to the close of the last century. A vote of the settlement shows that Captain Samuel Jordan "shall be payed 40s for making the town stocks."

The frequent changes of government, and the civil and religious contentions in which our early settlers were engaged, doubtless impeded their progress, but they were men of determination and women of fortitude; having put the hand to the plough, there was no turning back. Each advancement gave them comfort and hope, and they found enjoyment even in their hardships. Thus,



THE STOCKS.

"Through plots and counterplots,
Through gain and loss, through glory and disgrace,
Along the plains where passionate discord rears
Eternal Babel, still the holy stream
Of human happiness glides on."

III.

INDIAN WARS.

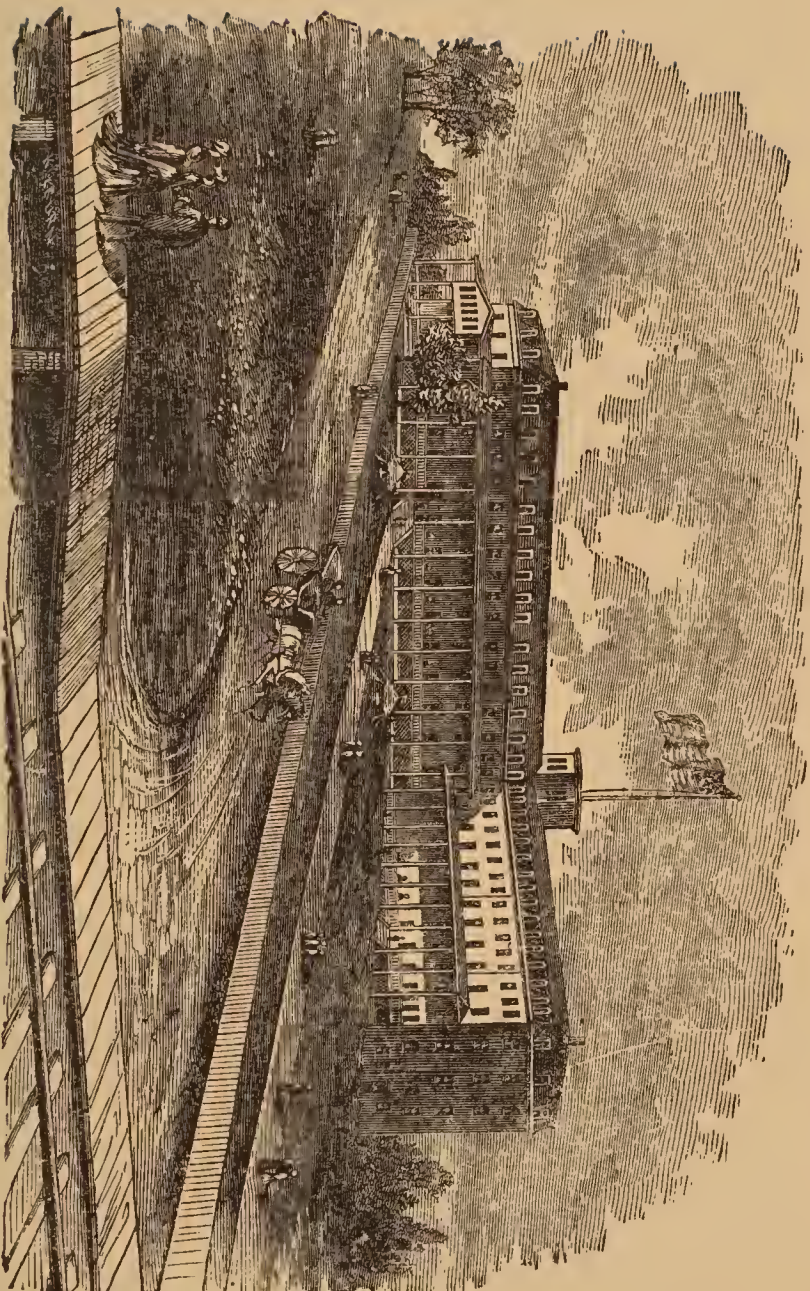
Fifty Years of Peace. — Reckless Conduct of English Soldiers. — Squando incensed. — Indian Council determines War. — First Battle. — Saco Settlement burnt. — Distressed Condition of the Inhabitants. — Scarboro' attacked. — The Algers. — The Millikens. — Dunstan. — Indians sick of War, sue for Peace. — Treaty at Casco. — Embers of War again kindled. — Ten Years of Peace. — Sixty Years of War. — The last Indian Atrocity at Lower Biddeford. — Sunshine of Prosperity.

FOR more than fifty years the settlers on this coast lived in peace with the Indian tribes that dwelt on the Saco River. There were occasional private feuds, but they were settled without bloodshed. A barter trade was carried on to the mutual advantage of both parties. The English received the furs from the Indian hunter in exchange for woven fabrics and metal implements. Fire-arms were cautiously kept from them, and after Maine passed under the government of Massachusetts there was a heavy penalty for selling arms or ammunition to an Indian. Though the English would not sell fire-arms to them,

OCEAN HOUSE. . . . F. MILLIKEN, PROPRIETOR.

MANAGERS:

GEO. E. HASTINGS, . . . J. B. MERRILL, . . . E. E. POST, . . . H. F. HUNT.



Accommodates 300 guests. (See *Hotel Directory*, Chapter X.)

yet they could be obtained from the French who had settled in Canada; and the tribes, after having learned the use and importance of the musket, journeyed often through the forests to Mount Royal (Montreal), laden with furs which were exchanged with the French merchants for guns and ammunition. The English settlers at the Saco River, though living and trading peaceably with them, by way of precaution erected strong houses, and some were secured by heavy timber walls. It was well that this care was used, for when the Indian war commenced it burst in sudden fury, and the unguarded settlements suffered severely.

A circumstance which occurred on Saco River is said to have especially stirred up the tribes to attack the settlers. In the summer of 1675 an English vessel was anchored in the river. The sailors seeing an Indian woman with her child crossing in a canoe, barbarously upset it to see if Indian children could swim by instinct. The child sank, and the terrified mother, diving, brought it to the shore, but it soon died. This woman was the wife, and this child the first-born son, of Squando, a noted chief of the Sakoki tribe. Squando and his counsellors considered this an unpardonable insult, and they determined to be revenged. The western Indians, under Philip of Mount Hope, had conceived the plan of exterminating all white settlers on the coast, and after this insult the eastern Indians decided to join them, and the settlement at Saco Falls was selected as the spot where the first blow was to fall.

BURNING OF SACO.

It was Saturday morning, September 18th, 1675. The sun rose radiantly from his ocean bed, and peering over the gilded tree-tops, smiled upon the peaceful Saco settlement. The inhabitants were busy in their morning avocations. The thrifty housewife had strained the snowy milk into the cooling wooden bowls. The frugal breakfast was over; the well-scoured floor was swept and sanded, and at the loom she dexterously threw the gliding shuttle, or drew the slender thread from the humming wheel. Prattling children chased the bright butterflies that sported on the sunny bank. The farmer toiled patiently and proudly amid the rustling corn. The echo of the woodman's axe, the report of the hunter's musket, and shrill voice of the busy saw singing on its way through the giant log, enlivened the settlement, and blended in rustic harmony with the murmuring waters hewing through the rocky channel to the sea.

Captain John Bonython received a hint from an Indian, whom he had once befriended, that several strange Indians were in the neighborhood, and that there was danger of an attack. He immediately spread the alarm; all left their happy habitations and fled to the garrison of Major Phillips, on the west side of the river near where stood the famous covered bridge. It was built of strong timbers securely trunnelled together, the lower story a few feet smaller than the upper, so the enemy

could not come to the side without being exposed to the muskets of those within. Scarcely were they secure within the garrison when Captain Bonython's house, which stood on the Saco side near Gray's Court, was enveloped in flames. The siege had actually begun. The Indians slew the cattle, fired the houses, and attacked the garrison with the fury of demons. A discharge from the well-aimed muskets of the ensconced settlers repulsed them. Major Phillips went to an upper window to watch their movements; a bullet from a lurking savage pierced his shoulder. The Indians, supposing he was killed, again rallied and were again driven back, for they so exposed themselves to the fire from the garrison that six were killed on the spot and others severely wounded, among whom was their leader, who retreated a short distance and fell. Seeing now that it was apparently impossible to take the garrison by storm, they set fire to the mills, supposing the men would come out to defend their property. But with them "discretion was the better part of valor," and they moved not from their stronghold, but made preparations for another siege. The Indians again attacked them, and the firing continued through the night till four o'clock in the morning. The Indians then took a cart used at the mills, loaded it with birch-bark and other combustibles, set it on fire, and attempted to run it against the house, and with long poles throw fire upon the roof. While running it rapidly forward, one wheel struck in soft earth, which turned the cart and exposed the whole party to the

fatal fire of the settlers. Fifteen were killed and wounded, and the survivors, sick of the assault and mortified at the repulse, withdrew to their canoes, and went down the river. Twenty-one of their number were killed and wounded, and Major Phillips and two others were wounded at the garrison. This siege lasted eighteen hours. It was the first battle with Indians on this river, and when the morning sun again looked for the peaceful Saco settlement it saw naught but smouldering ruins, while along the misty and mournful banks the slow ascending smoke hung like a funeral pall.

Major Phillips' garrison alone was standing. On Sunday morning he sent to Winter Harbor and informed the inhabitants of his distressed situation. "His ammunition was nearly exhausted, and the people in great dismay. All would be obliged to leave in a few days unless timely aid prevented," but none could be spared to assist him, and on the Tuesday following all removed to Winter Harbor, leaving the garrison unoccupied, and shortly after it was given to the flames by the infuriated savages. Thus commenced the first Indian war; and thus were entirely destroyed all the first buildings at Saco Falls, where now stand the busy manufactories.

There were at this time several settlers scattered along the river between the Falls and the Pool, whose houses were all destroyed, and many of the people slain.

Two days after the burning of Saco, September 20, 1675, a party of the enemy entered Scarboro'

and killed several at Blue Point—a woman and six children of one family being among the number. Robert Nichols and his wife, aged people, were both slain and their house burnt. At Black Point, Andrew Alger, or Auger, lieutenant of a company, his brother Arthur, and two companions, were on an exploring excursion; they were attacked by Indians in ambush; an engagement ensued, and Andrew was mortally wounded, while Arthur was killed on the spot. The two Algers, or Augers, came from Dunster Parish, in England, in 1650, and purchased of the Indians one thousand acres of land in what is now Scarborough. Arthur had no children; and John, son of Lieutenant Andrew, inherited the whole estate, which he transmitted to five daughters, one of whom, Elizabeth, married John Milliken, of Boston, who, in 1727, purchased the interests of the other heirs, established his claim, and settled with his family on the estate. The numerous families of Millikens in the vicinity descended from this John. Dunstan, a local name for a portion of Scarborough, is a corruption of Dunster, from which came the Algers, who were the first English settlers in that part of the town.

From the first attack of the Indians our settlers were in great consternation; before they could erect garrisons or make themselves secure, many were destroyed. This war, which burst upon them in sudden fury, lasted three years before there was a cessation of hostilities, and the scattered settlers at different points along the coast, from New Hampshire to

the Kennebec, suffered severely. At Newichewanock (South Berwick), in October, the heroic Lieutenant Plaisted, whose sad story has been so often related in the histories of Maine, was killed. At Old Orchard, near Goose Fare Brook, Thomas Rogers' house was destroyed; and nine young men, including a son of Mr. Rogers, were attacked by Indians in ambush and all killed after an heroic defence of several hours. Their bodies were afterwards found on the beach by the inhabitants, and buried near where the house stood. The settlements near New Hampshire were next marked for destruction. On their way thither they slew several at Wells, and carried others into captivity. At Strawberry Bank, now Portsmouth, they burnt several houses, killed six and captured several. Returning east, South Berwick, Salmon Falls, and Cape Porpoise suffered similar calamities. It was a reign of terror. The whole country was in arms. Men went to their business bearing the musket; and women worked with the well-charged muskets beside them. In the field, one farmer worked while another guarded the spot. At public worship the laymen literally watched while the clergy prayed; armed men sat at the end of the seats, for the protection of the women. In church etiquette of to-day, the men sit nearest the aisle, a custom which doubtless originated in those days.

This first Indian war, which commenced in September, 1675, lasted with unabated fury till the

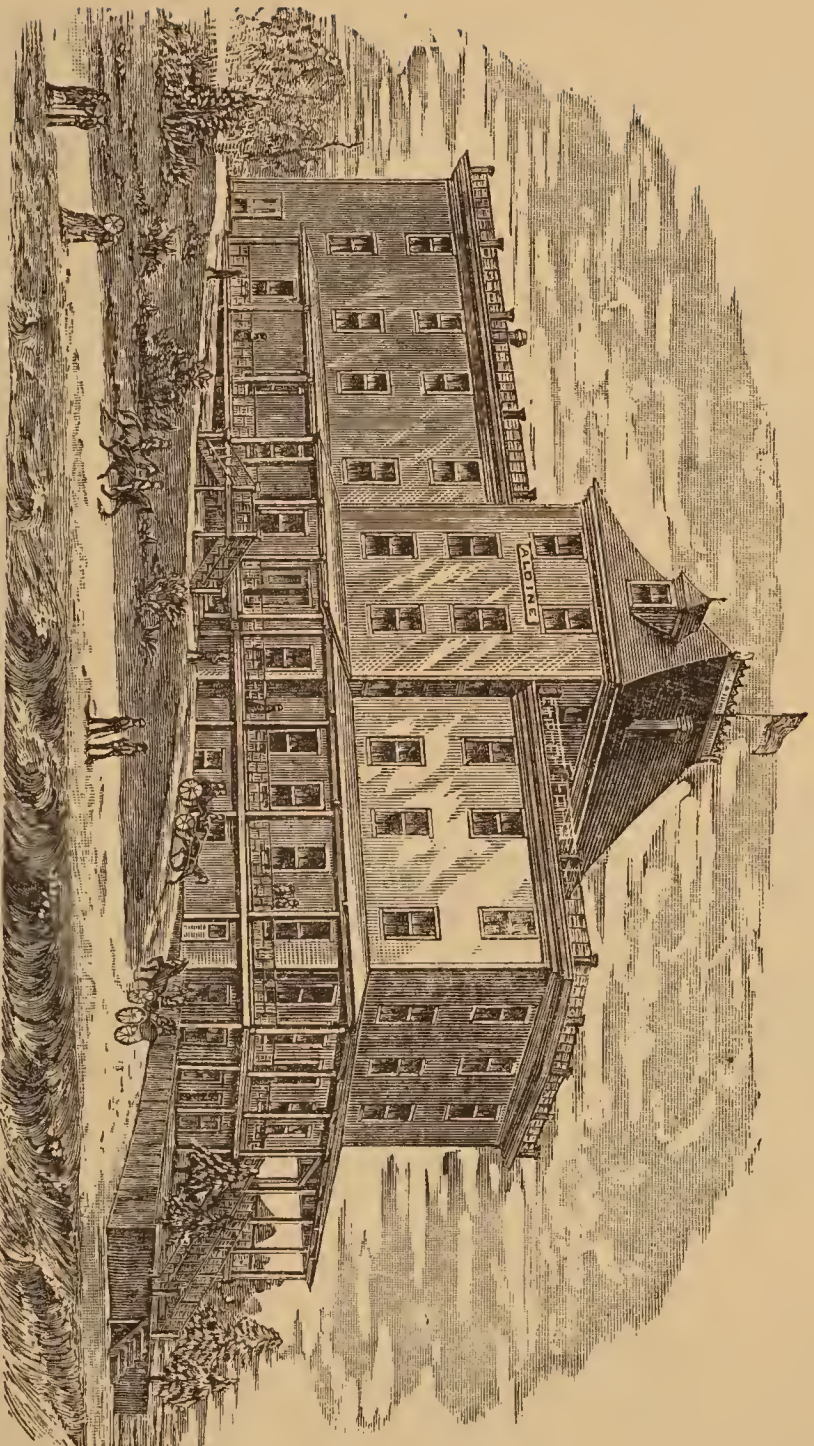
drifting snows of winter covered the scene, and shut the skulking savages in their settlements.

Winter was unfavorable for Indian warfare, and the tribes, having been diverted from their usual pursuits during the excitement of the autumn, found themselves without sufficient supplies when winter came on. Their plunder was soon exhausted; the snows were too deep for hunting, or war; and without peace they saw that they must perish or suffer extreme famine. They therefore entered into a treaty, agreeing to cease hostilities and return all captives; and, true to their agreements, many who had been suffering in captivity were returned. This treaty, however, did not extinguish the flames of war; they were only smothered during the seven succeeding months, and in the spring were again rekindled. In this brief sketch the thrilling incidents of this war cannot be enumerated. Three anxious and exciting years passed, when a treaty was concluded at Casco (now Portland), April 12, 1678. For ten years the angel of peace smiled upon the distressed and discouraged settlements; their crushed hopes revived, and they gained strength and prosperity, till the breaking out of King William's war in 1688, some incidents of which are mentioned in another chapter.

The history of the wars through which our pioneers passed cannot be told in this brief sketch. They commenced in 1675, and lasted, with only occasional intervals of peace, for more than sixty years. The last attack of Indians upon the in-

habitants in this vicinity was in Biddeford, near the first parish meeting-house, in 1747. Mr. Elliot and his son were slain, and Mr. William Murch was carried captive to Canada, where he remained till the next year. In this attack they first entered the barn of Mr. Murch and cut out the tongues of his cattle. He, hearing the lowing of the suffering herd, entered the barn, when he was overpowered by the secreted Indians, and taken away before assistance could be obtained. This was the last of the Indian depredations in this vicinity. The reduction of Louisburg, in 1745, weakened the French power. Indians were enfeebled by the long series of struggles, and the English power established its supremacy. Though the storms of war had chilled the growth of the settlement, yet, when the sunshine of peace fell, it quickly revived and grew with wonderful rapidity.

THE ALDINE HOTEL, . . . Old Orchard Beach, Me.
S. HAINES, MANAGER.



Accommodates 150 Guests. (*See Hotel Directory, Chapter X.*)

ocean is always grand and impressive : at morn, when the rising sun burnishes its surface with gold and crimson ; at noon, when its blue waters blend with the distant sky ; at evening, when the rosy sunset lingers upon its waves, and tints the light clouds that float like fairy chariots above it ; and at night, when the moon overspreads its surface with spangles of silver. The eye is always charmed with the grandeur of ocean scenes, and the ear is filled with the melody of the breeze-touched waves as they play gently upon the beach, or dash with tremendous power, in the hands of the tempest, "swelling the profound eternal bass in Nature's anthem."

There is pleasure in watching the distant ocean, bearing upon its swelling surface the swift-winged crafts of pleasure, the steam-propelled palaces of travel, and the white-robed ships of commerce. They come and go, pass and repass, bearing an exchange of thoughts and commodities from country to country, travelling continually upon this mighty highway of nations.

Not only the ocean, but the land here has its charms. Old Orchard is a crescent-shaped shore, six miles in length—a smooth, solid, prairie-like beach sloping gently to the water, and the heavy rolling waves, rising continually in the distant depths, chase each other in regular succession, and dash upon the beach their foam-crested heads. There are no dangerous under-currents or treacherous quicksands in these waves, and at low tide the beach is a smooth, solid driving-course, upon

which hundreds of carriages may pass and repass without interruption. During the pleasure season thousands here assemble to engage in seaside sports ; nothing can exceed the gayety and joyousness of



the scene. For miles, gay equipages throng this wave-washed highway, and the surf is alive with jubilant bathers. The sportive find lively recreations, and the meditative find subjects for moral and elevating reflections.

The jaded toilers, released from the tread-mill of daily duties, come here to throw off their burdens and repair their labor-worn lives. The change of scene, the climate, the baths, the food, and the social contact, all contribute to their needs, and revive their enervated natures ; but especially are they benefited by the climate.

Recent scientific investigation has shown that ozone, a peculiar element of the atmosphere, is found most abundantly upon the tops of high moun-

tains and at the sea-shore. The constant inhaling of this element gives an especially healthy tone to the human system. The robust forms and ruddy features of mountain and seaside inhabitants are attributable to this cause. At Old Orchard the air is said to be especially charged with this invigorating element. Those suffering from diseases of the throat and lungs have been benefited by even a brief sojourn in this cool and strengthening climate.

TWENTY-SIXTH OF JUNE.

The twenty-sixth of June has for many years been a gala day at the Beach. There used to exist a popular tradition that on this day the waters of the ocean were especially endowed with healing properties, that at this time they were "troubled," and "whoever stepped in was cured of whatsoever disease he possessed." This led thousands of the credulous and superstitious to flock to these shores to be healed. Old age came to be rejuvenated, middle age to be strengthened, and childhood and infancy must be "dipped" annually to insure safety against disease and death. From the surrounding country, back for many miles, came, early on the morning of this day, vehicles of every description, bearing the "withered, the halt, and the blind," and every other character and condition of humanity, who reverently plunged or were "dipped" in the rolling breakers of Old Orchard. Many are the accounts of the credulous who have been cured or benefited by bathing on this day.

This custom is of great antiquity: it goes back to the mystic ages of mythology, to those days when wells, pools, or fountains were consecrated to various gods, goddesses, and nymphs, and considered sacred. At each body of water was supposed to preside some nymph or goddess, to please whom devotees made offerings, or bathed in its waters. The Romans celebrated a religious feast, called *Fontinalia*, in honor of the "nymphs of wells and fountains." Flowers were carried to the fountains by young men and maidens, wreaths and bouquets were thrown into them and scattered about the shore; and those upon whom the waters were sprinkled were considered under the especial care of the patron nymph.

The Greeks had their sacred fountains. There was one in Laconia sacred to Juno, and many others, some of which were supposed to have healing properties, and others to be of a prophetic nature. From the figures portrayed upon a mirror dipped in a fountain the Greeks thought they obtained notice of coming good or evil.

When Christianity began to dispel the customs of mythology, waters, which had been considered sacred to some tutelary god or goddess, were dedicated to some church saint and called by his name. These fountains are still common throughout Europe, especially in the British Isles. Even now, in Ireland and Scotland they are considered sacred by many, who visit them annually to be partakers of their healing waters. The early settlers on this coast came from England and Ireland, and with

them came the customs of the old country. There is a blind deference for old usages, which continues them in practice long after their original significance is forgotten, and this led our early settlers to continue their annual visits to some body of water. As the ocean at Old Orchard seemed more impressive than any other waters in the vicinity, this beach became the place for holding their *Fontinalia*, or Festival of Waters.

The first settlers visited the beach on the 24th of June, St. John the Baptist's day. But when it was ordered that "there should be one General Court holden at Saco for the whole Province of Maine, every year on the 25th of June," it changed the day. The court brought people from all parts of the province. It was a great day in Maine. Those who came attended court on the 25th and rested from their journey, and the day following they visited the ocean to bathe. Thus the celebration, which formerly occurred on the 24th, was carried forward two days, and the 26th of June became the celebrated bathing-day at Old Orchard. It is not now kept with the same superstitious regard as formerly; but, it being the most leisure season in the agricultural districts, the inhabitants still keep up the custom of visiting the beach on this day. Many hotel guests arrive at this time, and it may be considered the opening of the pleasure season.

As early as 1820, Mr. William Scammon, a grandson of Rev. John Fairfield, first minister of Saco, came to Old Orchard and took the Fairfield

residence, which stood where now is the Old Orchard House, and opened it for the entertainment of transient guests. The house is now standing on the beach, and is known as Camp Comfort. Mr. Scammon erected a Bowling Alley at the east end of the house, and his patronage was from Saco and Biddeford society, which made this the terminus for sleighing parties and summer drives. An aged lady, now living, remembers the gay companies which assembled. There is no record of any public place for entertainment at Old Orchard proper, previous to this.



NED CLEMMENS,

THE HERMIT OF OLD ORCHARD.

In the early summer of 1845 a stranger made his appearance at the Thornton House, then a leading

hotel in Saco. In a small town or village the arrival of a stranger is always an event to excite the curious and arouse gossip. The stranger was reticent in regard to his own history, but in general conversation was a "fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancies." His genial deportment soon won him many friends, and so peculiar were his features and manners that those who once saw him never forgot him. In music he was accomplished, and often beguiled his unemployed hours with the melodious strains of the flute. From his apt quotations he exhibited a knowledge of the dramatic poets and classic authors, and his acquaintance with American scenery and cities showed that he had acquired much knowledge from careful observation in extensive travel. His versatility of talent told that he was a genius of peculiar originality. Superior merit is often unappreciated, and pearls are trampled under foot by those who know not their value. Thus the stranger's talent had been unrewarded, and poverty was the only return for his genius. In his destitute condition he sought assistance from the proprietor of the hotel, who aided him in introducing a new institution for Saco. Up to this time bathing had been but a private luxury — the river or the ocean affording the only public bath. But the first bathing-houses were by him established under the Thornton House, which he conducted with but limited patronage till the house was burnt in 1851. For a time this darkened his prospects, but like the fabled phoenix he soon arose from his ashes and

alighted with his bathing-tubs in the basement of the Cataract Block. To his bathing enterprise he here added "victualling and oysters," and his place became the resort for those who sought palatable refreshments -- turtle-soup being a specialty, in the preparation of which he exhibited a marvellous talent. It is told that a massive turtle was exhibited on the street for several days, labelled "Turtle Soup, Friday evening." Epicures passing read the inviting notice, and daily sharpened their appetites with pleasant anticipations. At length the longed for evening came, and a large company assembled, sipped their soup, and satisfied their eager appetites. Many were the compliments and commendations which these epicures heaped upon their host, all bearing testimony to the "superiority of his turtle-soup."

The next morning came, and in the same spot stood the tortoise. The epicures "waxed desperate with imagination." They had surely feasted on turtle-soup, yet no other turtle had been in town. Like the ghost in Hamlet, "it lifted up its head and addressed itself to motion," "like as it would some impartment make;" but it "dared not tell the secrets of its prison house;" yet the secrets all leaked out from the wag who had stolen him the night before to prevent the soup being served.

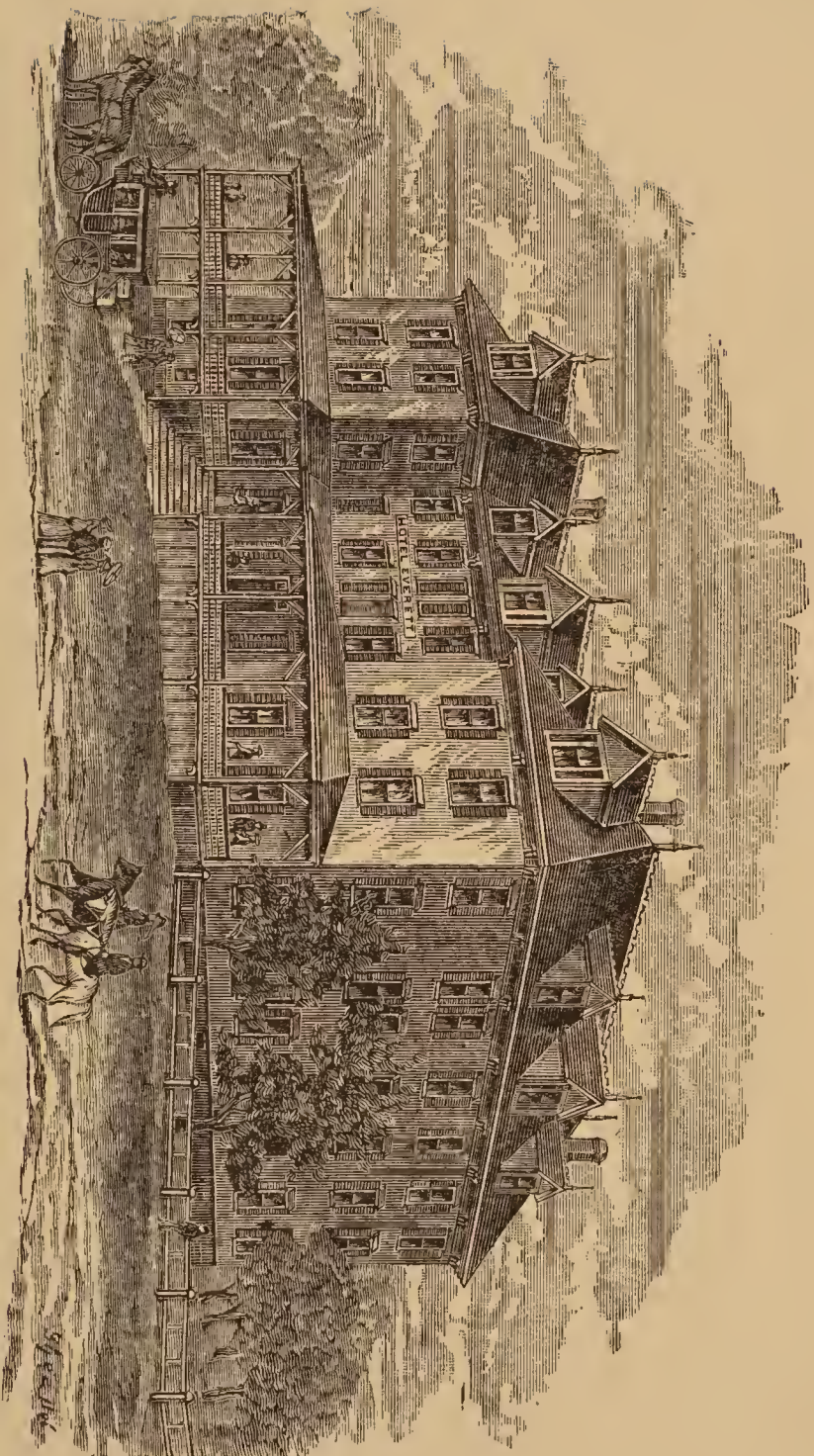
Invention, which always comes to the relief of necessity, aided our host in his extremity, and rather than disappoint his patrons, he served soup from something else, and his guests went away satisfied

But neither cook-books nor history have recorded the composition of that soup. Bathing-rooms and restaurants were not enough to satisfy our versatile genius, and he collected a natural-history museum, which he added to the attractions of his place ; in the construction of shell ornaments he exhibited superior taste.

By the death of a brother in a distant State, who was an artist of distinction, he inherited a panoramic painting of the river Rhine. This to a person of his taste was an acceptable inheritance, and into the exhibition business he at once entered, and gave entertainments in Biddeford, Saco, and suburban towns.

His love of nature, and love of romance, led him to Old Orchard, and upon the sandy beach where the ocean hangs its veiling mists, in the fragrant whispering pines near the present Sea-shore House, he erected a small structure which he rudely furnished, and ornamented with natural-history specimens. This was called the "Old Orchard Retreat." Here he dwelt alone ; was proprietor, manager, and servant, and with a simple bill of fare, principally chowder, he entertained his patrons. One hungry party tells of a well-relished dinner there, each course of which consisted of potatoes and salt. Picnics and pleasure parties sought this retreat, and for several summers it was the only place of entertainment near the ocean. He supplied bathing suits for his patrons, but his limited capital compelled him to make them of the cheapest material,

HOTEL EVERETT, . . . Old Orchard Beach, Me.
MRS. M. F. LIBBY, PROPRIETRESS.



Accommodates 200 Guests. (See *Hotel Directory*, Chapter X.)

and his suits were sometimes too thin to endure the fury of the waves. His dinners were said to be palatable, though his scanty supply of culinary utensils forced him to cook everything in the same dish. Notwithstanding the destitute furnishings of the "Old Orchard Retreat," or "Astor House" as he sometimes termed it, yet it was popularly known to all beach visitors, and was the first structure on the shore. Here he engaged in literary labor, and issued a newspaper called the "Goose Fare Guide, and Old Orchard Bellows." Not a copy is now known to exist, but it is acknowledged to be the first "Guide" to these shores, and the "Bellows" which first blew for Old Orchard. Its proprietor, with prophetic inspiration, told what would surely come. That Old Orchard would be the "illustrious" place of New England; that railroads would traverse its shores; lightning communications would open it to the whole world, and every summer pleasure-seekers would flock to its shores like doves to their windows. But these prophecies were unheeded, and those whom he exhorted to invest capital here only laughed at his chimerical ideas. Those who are in advance of their age are always the objects of ridicule, and it falls to subsequent time to record the truth of their prophecies. Thus with him: almost a city has arisen around where his rude structure stood. Crowds come and go; the "gay laugh and the solemn brood of care plods on," each chasing his favorite phantom. But the lone settler, the hermit, the prophet, lived not to see his bright dreams fulfilled.

In his last days, to confiding friends he told the story of his life. He was born in Philadelphia, 1810; was there educated for a dramatic life, and for several years acted in that profession. In the early days of Ethiopian minstrelsy he bore many distinguished parts, and was with Barnum in the organization of his popular exhibition. An early disappointment in his matrimonial prospects caused him to leave his native State and seek an abode among strangers. To Philadelphia he never returned. None of his kindred were near to soothe his last moments, yet he found kind friends to minister to his necessities and close his eyes to earthly scenes. He died June 28, 1865; and on June 30, as the afternoon sun shed its slanting rays and lengthened the solemn shadows of the drooping elms, in Saco's silent cemetery a few friends laid in its last resting-place all that was mortal of EDWARD B. CLEMMENS.

Though Old Orchard, which was a suburb of the city of Saco, and embraces the Atlantic coast line from Saco River in the town of Scarboro', had for nearly two centuries been the favorite resort on June 26th, and a popular bathing-place for those in the vicinity, yet it never began to receive distant patronage till about 1840. In 1837, however, a few individuals, impressed with the beauty of the beach and the invigorating climate, besought E. C. Staples, the present proprietor of the Old Orchard House, to furnish them with board during the summer. Mr. Staples dwelt in a plain farm-house, the home of his

ancestors. This house has been remodelled into the Staples' Cottage. It stood near where it now stands, and is more than a century old. The first boarders were charmed with the place, and the next year brought more than the house could accommodate.

Among the early patrons of Mr. Staples were gentlemen and their families from Montreal, who came the whole distance in their own private carriages. The Portsmouth and Portland Railroad was opened in 1842, and the Grand Trunk from Montreal to Portland in 1852. These brought passengers to Saco Station within four miles of the Beach, and from that time the demand for hotel accommodation increased with great rapidity.

Mr. Staples commenced to build additions to his house, and from year to year continued to enlarge, until the Old Orchard House, accommodating three hundred guests, had been erected. This was popular and prosperous till destroyed by fire, July 21, 1875. Boarding-houses and hotels have been increasing and enlarging for several years, and now there are more than thirty, with accommodations for four thousand guests.

The new Old Orchard House was erected in 1876, and has accommodations for five hundred guests.

Elisha Staples, the grandfather of Ebenezer C., was a descendant of a Staples of Kittery. He came from Biddeford to Old Orchard about 1790. His son, Elisha, whose wife was Elizabeth Cole, was the father of Ebenezer C. Staples, who was born March 8, 1808. His early life was spent upon the

ocean; but having more love for the old homestead than for adventure, he abandoned the sea, and settled as a shoemaker at Old Orchard. Having inherited his father's estate, he engaged in farming, and carried on the two professions till the beginning of his hotel career, in 1840. Mrs. Staples was Eliza I. Buker, of Biddeford. They were married in 1830. Both Mr. and Mrs. Staples were inherently adapted to the hotel business. Their courtesy made their house popular; and guests who once came returned annually, as regularly as "the swallows homeward fly." Among many who have made this their summer home should be mentioned Thomas G. Bradford, Esq.,* who has spent more than thirty summers in their house. Colonel Benton wrote "Thirty Years in the Senate," and it remains for Mr. Bradford to write his "Thirty Years at Old Orchard."

Doubtless Mr. Staples, in early life, never dreamed that his quiet sea-side home would become the gay centre of fashion and culture — that his fern-covered pastures and sandy shores would become the "Cottage City" of Maine. But from year to year he has been awake to the developing possibilities, and has actively kept pace with the progress of time.

FERN PARK.

The ocean and the beach are not the only attractions at Old Orchard. There is an inland scenery of marsh, meadow, field, forest, and flourishing

* Of Boston.



EBENEZER C. STAPLES.

farms; and Fern Park, a short distance from the hotels, is a place of great natural beauty. It is a dense forest of hard wood and evergreen trees, through which walks and avenues have been laid out, and rustic arbors erected. This was done under the direction of Mr. Bull, one of the early patrons of the Old Orchard House,—a man of great taste and refinement, who spent much time in this charming place. The mottoes which he erected over the arbors and along the avenues, remain memorials of his poetic genius and refinement.

In this natural park are found many of the wild flowers of Maine, and the botanist here has facilities for pursuing his interesting studies. Those who gather flowers simply because they love them, find here pleasure in hunting out and bringing to human admiration the little bright-eyed blossoms that in the dark depths of the forest were “born to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air.” Here, like a cluster of corals in an emerald setting, grows the bright bunch-berry, and the partridge-vine and sweet tiny twin-flower twine the moss-covered logs. The modest violet, the delicate star-flower, and the fragrant checkerberry flourish here, and from the abundance of lichens and ferns the place is appropriately called Fern Park. A visit to this Park lifts the soul to high and holy thoughts, and “it there looks up through nature to nature’s God.” It is about one fourth of a mile from the beach, on the Saco road, directly opposite the grounds of the Camp-Meeting Association.

ORCHARD BEACH CAMP-MEETING ASSOCIATION.

In July, 1873, an association was formed under this title, with Rev. I. Luce, President, which purchased a tract of land, containing about fifty acres, within half a mile of the beach. A large portion of this was covered by a dense forest of oak, maple, and pine, in which was a valley forming a natural amphitheatre. In this the Association erected convenient seats for the accommodation of seven thousand worshippers. At the centre of this stands the speaker's desk, and so remarkable are the acoustic properties of the place that throughout this vast auditorium the voice of an ordinary speaker can be distinctly heard. There is also in the vicinity of the camp grounds a Methodist Episcopal church, in which services are held every Sabbath. It seems as if Nature designed this place especially for camp-meetings. Around this auditorium are erected tents and cottages. Many families spend the whole season there. The grounds of the Association are regularly laid out in streets and avenues. On many of the cottage lots buildings are already erected, and others are inviting purchasers. There are no sea-side resorts that offer more social and religious advantages than Old Orchard. During each year there are four or five camp-meetings conducted by different organizations, all of which are largely attended, and each Sabbath, religious services are held on the grounds or in the church.

To accommodate the patrons of the camp-meetings, the Boston and Maine Railroad has erected a depot (Camp-Ground Station) a short distance from the ground, at which all passengers for the camp-meetings should leave the trains.

THE ROSS WOODS.

One of the thoroughfares leading "up town," on to Saco Falls, passes two miles through a dense woodland landscape. A forest of pine, spruce, and hemlock, interspersed with birch, oak, and maple, walls the highway on either side, and in some places overshadows it with projecting branches. The carriage-track is closely bordered by ferns and foliage, and in summer the hedges are bright with the wild rose and laurel; as the summer declines, the golden-rod and purple asters appear, waving their bright sceptres, prophetic of approaching autumn.

Nothing can be more charming than a drive through these woods at approaching sunset. The light pierces the treetops with its slender golden arrows, and falls here and there in little gilded oases among the dark shadows. The still air is fragrant with the odor of sweet-scented pines, and vocal with voices of birds;—the robin chants his measured requiem, the whippoorwill sings a melodious lullaby, and the echoing voice of the thrush reverberates through the still forest. Whoever, at this enchanting hour, is favored with a drive through these woods, will find it a rare enjoyment, and ever feel thankful that the vandal hand of civilization has spared this fascinating forest.

V.

BIDDEFORD POOL AND SURROUNDINGS.

Variety of Scenery. — Early Settlers. — Uncle Christopher. — Chris. — Bunkers. — Quakers. — Intolerant Laws. — Parson Fletcher. — Daniel Holman. — Fort Hill. — Distressed Condition of the Settlers. — Letters from Major Frost. — Ship-building. — Wine Drinking. — Funeral Expenses.



BIDDEFORD POOL.

NONE of the sea-side resorts offer more variety for recreation than the Pool. Those who love to review the historical past here find interesting localities around which cluster thrilling associations. Those who would engage in sailing or fishing will always find safe yachts with competent commanders; and as a yachting port, in rough or foggy weather,

there is no place more secure than the land-locked harbor of "the Pool." Those who seek solitude can find here secluded spots where none will disturb their meditations. Those who love to promenade the sandy shore, or bathe in the rolling surf, find here a solid sand-beach with artificial security against danger. Around the rough ragged cliffs of the eastern shore there is wonderful sublimity in the furious dashing of the continuous waves. Here lovers of nature can drink in the majesty of the ocean; and at the hotels, lovers of gay society can find intelligent and cultured companions.

Among the early settlers at the Pool, or on "the Neck," was Bachelor Hussey, who came from Nantucket, where he had been engaged in the whale-fishery. He was a descendant of Christopher Hussey, who came from England in 1634 and settled in Lynn, Mass. In 1734 Bachelor Hussey purchased Wood Island, and one half of "the Neck," of Pendleton Fletcher, and in 1737 built the house where Mrs. Christopher Hussey now lives. The original house was the old-fashioned hip-roof style, built of strong timbers, with large chimney and immense fireplaces. The fourth generation of the family are now living in this house. Christopher, grandson of Bachelor, and his wife, who was Eunice Cole of Berwick, were the first to entertain visitors or pleasure parties at the Pool, and may be considered the pioneers of the hotel business at this place. Mr. Hussey died in 1834, and his wife survived him till 1851. There are many persons, now advanced in life, who remem-

ber them with pleasure, and speak of the jovial times at Uncle Christopher's — of his genial hospitality, and of her motherly solicitude for their comfort. One mentions her cheerful sweet face under mob-cap and huge black-bowed spectacles as she inquired if "thee is comfortable, or will thee be helped to anything." Christopher, Jr., or "Chris," succeeded his father in the entertainment of visitors at the Pool. He inherited his parents' hospitality as well as the old homestead, and for the last forty-five years all visitors to the Pool have heard of good times and dinners at "Chris" Hussey's. Mr. Hussey died in 1876, and his widow, who was Mary Goldthwait, and her two daughters, continue the hotel business at the old Mansion House, and entertain their visitors in the same hospitable manner as their predecessors.

Another early settler on the extreme north side of the Neck was Bachelor Bunker, who came from Nantucket about the time that Bachelor Hussey settled here. He engaged in trade, and kept a store of general merchandise. At this period there was quite a heavy business carried on at this place in trade with the numerous fishermen who came to this port. The account-books of Bachelor Bunker are still in existence, and exhibit the transactions in those days; and the house which he erected more than a century ago is still standing and occupied by a descendant of the family.

Another grandson of Bachelor Hussey was John, who also settled on the Neck, nearly back of the High-

land House. His wife was Sarah Tarbox. They commenced to entertain visitors at the Pool about thirty years ago, and continued till a recent date. Mr. John Hussey died June 4, 1876, and his wife, May 26 1880. Their heirs have recently sold the estate to Fred. T. Brown, Esq., of New York. Mr. Brown has erected a large structure, which is to be opened for a hotel during the present season.

The Husseys and Bunkers, and a family of Coffins, who also came from Nantucket, were Quakers: They held meetings, and taught the doctrines of that sect. They were excellent, upright people, and were much respected in the community, though Parson Fletcher, under whose doctrine most of the inhabitants had been reared, was bitterly opposed to Quakers and their teachings. Fletcher was a Puritan, and that sect strenuously endeavored to crush the Quakers. The following laws, made by the Puritans of Massachusetts previous to 1700, shows the religious intolerance at that period :

“Who ever knowingly brings a Quaker (into the colony) is imprisoned till he pays or gives security for £100 and carries him away again.

“Who ever conceals a Quaker pays 40s. an hour, or lie in Prison till he does.

“Quakers, not inhabitants, to be imprisoned till the Court of Assistants, and then banish'd, not to return on pain of Death.

“Vagabond Quakers are whipt through the Towns not exceeding three, and conveyed out of the jurisdiction. If any return after three Times, they are to be in the House of Correction till the County Court,

branded with the letter R on the left shoulder, and whipped as before. If they return after this, to be banished on pain of Death.

“If any turn Quaker they are to be banished the jurisdiction, and served as vagabond Quakers if they return.”

Parson Fletcher writes, that “a Quaker’s living or dyeing as a Quaker (without repentance) must find out a new Gospel which may afford them hope of salvation, for, from what God has revealed in his holy Word, there is no Salvation for them.” Notwithstanding the teachings of Parson Fletcher, and the stringent laws of Massachusetts, the Quakers at Winter Harbor maintained a good report through life, and have doubtless “gained a better inheritance.”

DANIEL HOLMAN,

Was the son of John, of York, where he was born, October, 1797. His mother was Margaret Haley, of Biddeford. He came to the Pool in 1823, and in 1825 married Hannah Tarbox, who on her mother’s side was a great-granddaughter of Pendleton Fletcher, from whom the place receives its name. Mr. Holman engaged in fishing and farming during the summer, and in winter taught school in the rural districts of York County. His first “certificate,” dated 1820, is signed by Nathaniel Webster (who was pastor of the first church in Biddeford from 1779 till 1828), and five others of the committee, and asserts that he was “qualified to teach the

English language grammatically.” The pupils of Mr. Holman remember, and often speak of his thoroughness as a teacher and disciplinarian. In 1845, the Pool having become known abroad as an attractive watering-place, and there being demand for more accommodations for its patrons, Mr. Holman commenced to entertain guests in his house, which was a small, plain, one-story structure on the high land just west of the “Highland House.” His demands for rooms were so great that he added others, and from year to year, to keep pace with his constantly increasing patronage, he made additions and built new structures, till in 1850 he completed the “Highland House”* which stood on the spot of the present structure, and conducted it with great popularity till his death. He was a man of wonderful energy and industry, and thoroughly honest and exact in all his dealings. He was always much interested in the prosperity of the community, and active in all affairs of the church and municipality, and was a member of the city government for several years. His numerous patrons, from all parts of the United States and the Provinces, remember his earnest efforts to minister to their comfort and pleasure. Mrs. Holman always seemed to shed a motherly influence about the house, which made their guests to feel that they were at home among faithful friends. Mr. Holman died July 11, 1878, and his wife on the 15th of the same month. Both will be remembered as having filled an important place in the history of Biddeford Pool.

* Destroyed by fire, March 13, 1882.

FORT HILL.

On the high point of land just opposite the steamboat landing at the Pool, or across the "gut," at the terminus of Parker's Neck, is Fort Hill. Here are now to be seen traces of a fortification which was erected in the early part of King William's war, which commenced in 1688 and lasted ten years. This war arose between England and France, and their colonies in America became involved in it. The Indians allied themselves to the French, and by them were furnished with arms and ammunition with which to fight the English. Fort Mary, during the greater part of this war, was commanded by Captain John Hill, son of Roger Hill who settled in Biddeford, near the mouth of Saco River, in 1653. The sandy shore on the west side of the Saco, near its mouth, where several summer cottages have been recently erected, is from him called Hill's Beach. This fort was the centre of many thrilling scenes and romantic adventures. In 1689, on the breaking out of the war, a military company was organized here, and John Hill received, from Thomas Danforth, Deputy Governor of Massachusetts, a commission as ensign of the company. For a while, under Colonel Benjamin Church, the distinguished "Indian killer," he was ordered to "scout, and to command the twenty soldiers quartered at Saco." At Wells, in 1692, Ensign Hill distinguished himself in an engagement with French and Indians, and in consideration of heroic conduct was promoted to

Lieutenant and subsequently to Captain. While at South Berwick, under command of Major Charles Frost, whose garrison was at Kittery, he became acquainted with and married the Major's daughter, Mary, in 1694. Some suppose he named this fort in honor of Mary, his wife; others claim that it was in honor of Mary, wife of William, Prince of Orange, who together were the reigning English sovereigns at that time. During this war, so distressing was the condition of the inhabitants in this vicinity, that many were obliged to leave their new homes and seek protection in the stronger settlements west. Those, however, who could be protected in forts and garrisons remained. In this fort were several families; among the women was Captain Hill's mother, who remained with her son. Her husband, who was in Wells, wrote, in care of Captain John Hill, at Fort Mary, Saco, as follows:

WELLS, May 7, 1690.

DEAR AND LOVING WIFE: These are to let you know that we are all well here, blessed be God for it; and all our children remember their duty to you. The Indians have killed Goodman Frost and James Littlefield, and carried away Nathaniel Frost, and burnt several houses here at Wells, and I would have our son John Hill hire a boat, if he can, to bring you and some of our things by water, for I fear it is not safe to come by land. Son John, be as careful of your mother as possibly you can, for it is very dangerous times. The Lord only knows whether we shall ever see one another any more. Praying for your prosperity,

Your loving husband until death,

ROGER HILL.

It seems that as the war went on the inhabitants

became more distressed, and there was danger that the Saco settlement would be entirely abandoned. Fort Mary was considered in danger, and this seemed to be the last stronghold for the people in the vicinity. The following letter gives a graphic idea of the country's condition :

WELLS, August 13, 1696.

SON HILL : I am now at Wells with twenty horse, intending to come over to you, but hearing of several guns about your parts I have sent over three men to know how it is with you. I have an order from the Governor to assist you in drawing off ; and I have an order from the Lieutenant-Governor to draw off and bring away what can be transported by land, and to hide the rest in the ground with the guns ; but our towns are so weak for want of men that if the enemy be about you we fear we are too weak to bring you off. . . . Our people are much troubled that your fort should be demolished. Let me hear from you by bearer. My love to yourself and wife. I pray God to keep you from the rage of the enemy.

I remain, your loving father-in-law,

CHARLES FROST.

'Tis said six Indians were seen here this day.

"To Captain John Hill, at Saco Fort.

Haste, Post Haste."

The above letter, with many others of a similar character, addressed to "Captain John Hill, commanding His Majesty's Forces at Fort Mary, Saco," were found fifty years ago in the attic of a house in South Berwick, in an old chest that had not been opened for seventy years. These papers established many important historical facts, and correct many errors which historians had made in regard to the

transactions at this place from 1689 to 1700, or during the "ten years' war," as it was sometimes called.

During this war the only inhabitants remaining in town were gathered into a settlement on the Neck, and on the west side of the Pool. The savages were continually prowling around and watching every movement of the settlers. Many who ventured out were slain. Six soldiers, at Fort Mary, who had been out on the beach, were attacked, and after a fierce encounter were overpowered by superior numbers; some were captured, and the others killed. Mary Dyer, who lived on the Neck or at the Pool, just south-east of the Highland House, one day, while the men were out fishing, saw some Indians coming down the beach toward her house. She knew the danger of her situation, She had two small children; with one in her arms, and the other clinging to her dress, she hastened to the "Gut." A boat was lying there, and placing her children in it, she seized an oar, pushed the boat from land, and glided over the dashing surface like a frightened bird. She landed, secured her boat, and while climbing the cliff, to reach Fort Mary, a bullet from an Indian's musket struck the ground near her. She coolly stopped and put a stick into the earth to mark the spot. The Indians plundered her house, but she remained safe in the Fort. After they retired she went to the spot where the bullet struck, dug it out, and it was kept in the family for three generations as a memorial of her heroism. At present, however, it is not to be found. Fort Mary

was for a while the only protection, and the inhabitants went there for security until other garrisons had been built. Previous to this there is no historical certainty that any government fortifications were built on the shores of Saco Bay. There were, doubtless, many private blockhouses or garrisons where there were settlers near together, and in these they joined for mutual protection. The first of these known to have been erected was by Major William Phillips, at Saco Falls, which was burnt in 1675, at the beginning of the Indian wars.

SHIP-BUILDING.

Ship-building was carried on near this Fort during the time Captain Hill was in command. Probably the ship-yard was near the steamboat landing at the Pool, where Captain Thomas Cutts subsequently built vessels. They were built by Colonel William Pepperrell, father of Sir William, who employed Captain Hill as his agent, as will be seen by a letter addressed to Captain John Hill, at Fort Mary, Saco. This letter was written in the same year that Sir William was born :

KITTERY POINT, November 12, 1696.

CAPTAIN HILL.

SIR : With much trouble I have gotten men and sent for the sloop, and desire you to dispatch them with all speed, for, if all things be ready, they may be fitted to leave in two days as well as in seven years. If you and the carpenter think it convenient, and the ground has not too much descent, I think it may be safer and better to bend her sails before you launch her, so as to leave

immediately. But I shall leave it to your management, and desire you to hasten them day and night; for, Sir, it will be dangerous tarrying there, on account of hostile savages in the vicinity, and it will be very expensive to keep the men on pay. I send you a barrel of rum, and there is a cask of wine to launch with. So, with my services to yourself and lady, hoping they are all in good health, as I am at present, who are your humble servant at command,

WILLIAM PEPPERRELL.

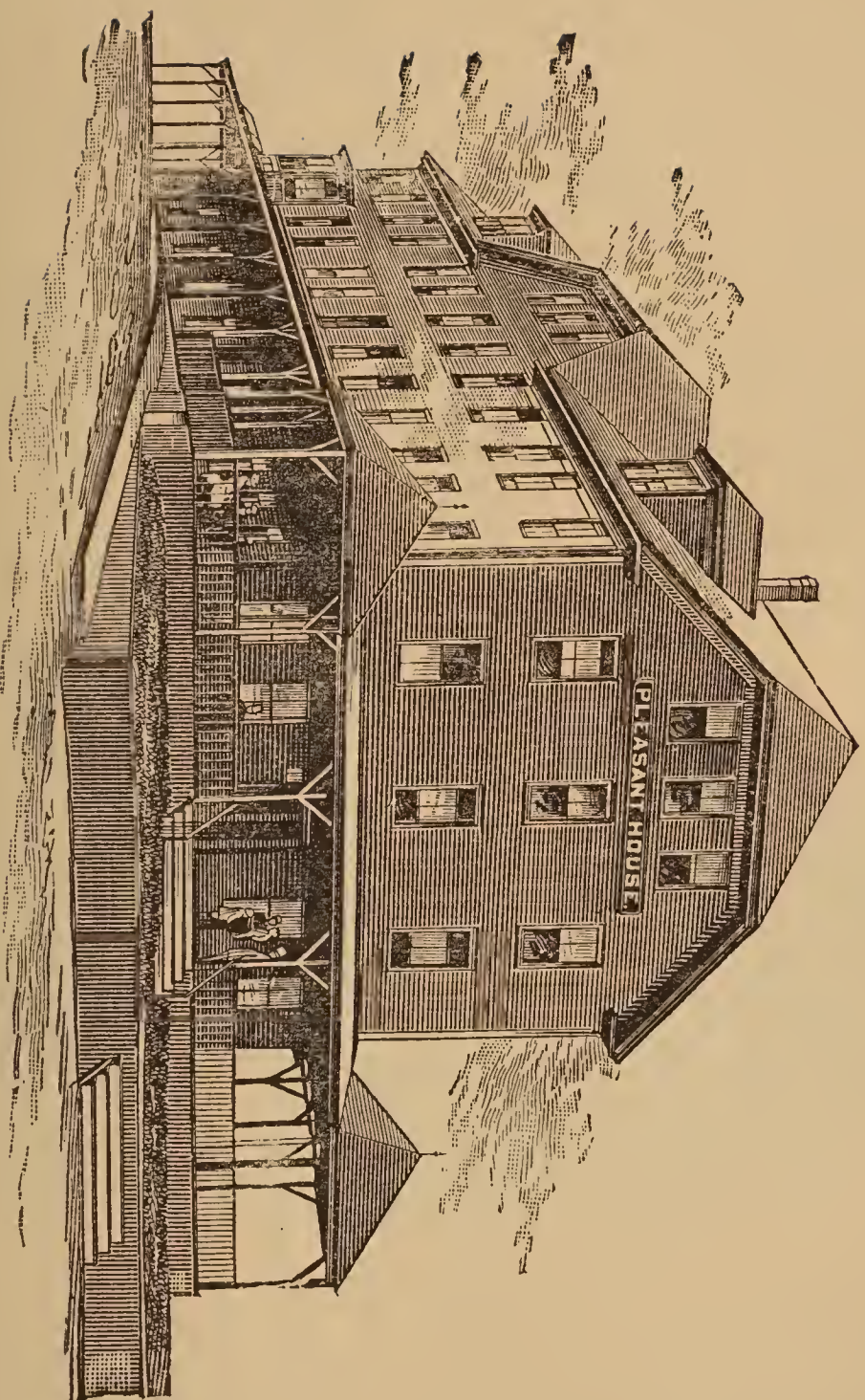
In those days, and for more than a century later, rum, wine, and brandy were considered indispensable on all important and *unimportant* occasions. The launching of a vessel, or the raising of a building, was attended by all the men and women in the neighborhood. The workmen and spectators must be cheered with brandy or rum, and it was considered a great breach of etiquette not to treat the women with wine. Colonel Pepperrell was not unmindful of the requirements of courtesy, hence the generous provision which he made for this launching. Though it "was dangerous tarrying there on account of the hostile savages," yet our settlers were jovial even when surrounded by peril. Not only on such occasions, but in all the courtesies of daily life, strong drink bore an important part. The military captain was required to "treat" his company on muster days; on this depended his popularity, and the obedience and attention of his soldiers. At church dedications, and ministerial ordinations, both clergy and laymen cemented their fellowship in a social glass. At the ordination of Rev. John Fairfield, first minister of Saco, in 1762, are the following items in the bill of expenses: "One bbl. beer,

£2; two gals. rum, £4, 10s.; two qts. brandy, £1, 2s. 6d.; 11 lbs. sugar, £2, 15s.”

Bridal congratulations were given by drinking to the health of the newly married; and at funerals the sighs of the bereaved, and the tears of the sympathizing, were mingled over the departed while drinking together a glass of spiced liquor. The following is from a bill of funeral expenses: “Five gals. rum; ten lbs. sugar; and half pound alspice to make spiced rum.”

From ancestors with such social customs it is not surprising that a love for stimulants has been transmitted to their posterity. “The evil that men do lives after them,” and “the iniquities of the fathers are visited on their children.” Those through whose veins flows the blood of five generations of wine-bibbers, may have inherited an appetite against which many subsequent generations may struggle ere they out-live their unfortunate possession.

PLEASANT HOUSE, . . . Old Orchard Beach, Me.
Mrs. S. D. Moulton & Son, PROPRIETORS.

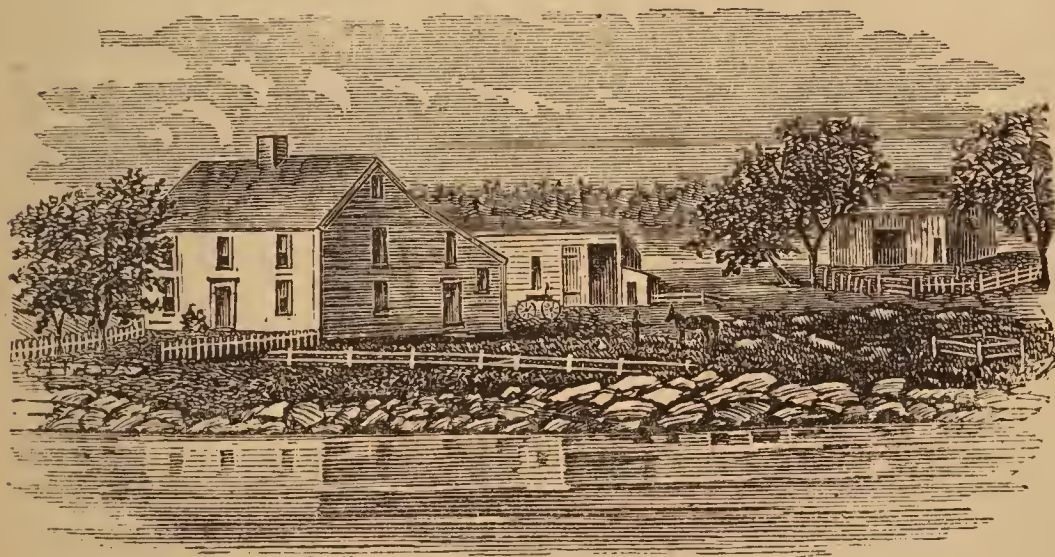


Accommodates 150 Guests. (*See Hotel Directory, Chapter X.*)

VI.

HISTORICAL HOUSES.

Jordan's Garrison. — Dominicus killed. — Children in Captivity. — Samuel learns the Language. — Understands Indian Wiles. — House attacked. — Disturbed Repast. — Captain James P. Hill. — Stories told at the Fireside. — The Haley House. — Dyer and Tarbox Garrison. — The Cow-bell Decoy. — Haley killed. — Jordan's Banks. — Fort Nonsense. — Old Burying Ground. — Early Church. — War of 1812. — The Bulwark. — Captain Cutts.



JORDAN'S GARRISON.

NOW (1880) THE RESIDENCE OF TRISTRAM GOLDTHWAIT, ESQ.

ON the south side of Parker's Neck, just west from Fort Hill, on a little inlet from the Pool, has stood this venerable structure since 1717. It

may have been erected earlier, but at this time it was occupied by Captain Samuel Jordan, who married Olive Plaisted of Berwick, and settled here. Captain Samuel was son of Dominicus, and grandson of Rev. Robert Jordan, (before mentioned,) of Spirwink. This house was erected as a garrison, and was surrounded by a high palisade of timber and stone ; and flankers, or lookouts, commanding a view each way, were built on the corners of the palisade. Here Mr. Jordan engaged in trade ; kept a store of general merchandise, and the neighboring settlers came here to purchase their supplies. Though this now seems a secluded spot, yet in its early days it was considered the most accessible location, for it could be reached by boat from all points ; and it was an important business centre. When Mr. Jordan was a boy, at Spirwink, during King William's war, the Indians entered the house of his father, Dominicus, as if on friendly terms ; but when a favorable chance was presented, they struck the father a fatal blow on the head with a tomahawk, and carried his wife and five children to Canada in captivity. While there he learned the language of the Indians, and subsequently became an interpreter for them at the making of treaties. The family all returned from captivity except the youngest daughter, who, being but a child at the time, soon forgot her native home, and subsequently married a French gentleman, and settled on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Having been accustomed to Indian warfare from childhood, Mr. Jordan

fully understood their wiles, and was consequently fitted for the years of trial through which the Winter Harbor settlement had to pass while he resided there. He accordingly had this house built secure, and it afforded protection for his own family and neighboring settlers, who in times of extremity took shelter within its walls. He was a man of undaunted courage, and white man and Indian knew him to be a fatal marksman. In July, 1723, while working in his field, he was attacked by a party of Indians. As was the custom, he had his musket with him, but no surplus ammunition. If he discharged his only shot they would overpower him. He therefore aimed his gun and held them at bay, while he walked backwards and recovered his garrison. At another time the enemy stealthily entered this house. Mr. Jordan was alone with his family. He happened to discover them, and called aloud to several fictitious names to get their muskets; they supposing he had a squad of armed men, hastily made their escape. One day in the forest just back of the house he discovered that a party of Indians were making merry over a calf which they had stolen from his herd. He with the skill of a savage crept stealthily within hearing, and listened to their merriment. They were seated around the animal, cutting slices from the flesh, each one saying, "So we will cut Jordan." It was more than he could endure in silence, and he sent a charge of buck-shot whizzing through the group. One was killed, and the others fled rapidly to the woods, leaving their muskets, with

their repast unfinished. This heroic settler, who probably erected this house, filled many important positions in the settlement; and on the south side of the Pool road, nearly opposite the road that leads to Hill's Beach, in the Jordan burying-ground, lies a large flat slate tomb-stone, evidently of English manufacture, in the centre of which is a large heart, of different material, with this inscription :

HERE LIES THE BODY
OF
CAPTAIN SAMUEL JORDAN,
Dec'd Dec. 20, 1748,
Æt. 58.

During the war of the Revolution, this house was the residence of Captain James P. Hill, one of the committee of safety. His official position brought to this house many distinguished personages connected with the government. During the war of 1812, Captain Waldo Hill, the son of James P., resided here. The United States soldiers were stationed in the vicinity, and the officers were quartered in the house. Captain Hill's daughter, who now resides in Cambridge, Mass., remembers the incidents of that time. The present occupant of this house has lived here nearly half a century.

Could this old structure speak; could it tell the scenes that have been enacted in and around it; could it reveal the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, the births, bridals and burials of the generations that have passed its threshold forever,—what a volume of history it would unfold! Could it paint

its early picturesque surroundings ; the wild woods and the dashing ocean ; the rude settlers that came for supplies ; the blanket-garbed savage that sought its destruction ; or sketch the social or domestic life within its walls, — what a picture it would present ! Around its broad hearthstone, from which the pitch-knots' bright glare illumined the capacious kitchen, have been oft repeated the exciting tales of shipwrecks and rescues ; strange sights and sounds in the air ; the earthquake and the dark day ; the stories of witches and ghosts, heroes and warriors ; and the terrible tale of the pirate Melcher's bleeding victims, whose dying prayers brought upon his posterity "the bleeding curse," which caused many of them in Biddeford to bleed to death from the scratch of a pin. Could this old house rehearse even these, they would fill a volume with exciting romance.

May this venerable structure stand through generations to come, to remind posterity of those heroic pioneers through whose struggles civilization was planted on the coast of Maine.

THE HALEY HOUSE.

This stands on the north side of the Pool Road, near the junction of the new road leading across Leighton's Point to the Beach. There is no definite history to show when this house was erected, but it is proved to be more than one hundred and fifty years old. It has witnessed the birth of five generations of the Haley family. The Haleys came to

this place from the Isle of Shoals, and were early identified with the affairs of the settlement. This



Haley House.

house is constructed of strong timbers, some of which are fifteen inches in diameter. It was built to endure the trials of Indian warfare and the ravages of time. A Mr. Haley who resided here was for many years on friendly terms with the Indians, and remained in this house after many of his neighbors went into garrisons. A blockhouse stood in the field of John Tarbox, near the water, on the farm adjoining the Haleys. This was known as the Dyer and Tarbox Garrison. The spot is visible still. Mr. Haley's neighbors exhorted him to join them, but believing the natives to be friendly, he supposed he would be safe. One night, however, he was aroused by a loud rapping at the door. He arose and unbarred it, and found that two Indians sought admittance, saying they desired to warm themselves. He admitted them and kindly kindled the fire. He soon saw that they intended mischief

and ordered them out, but they, grasping fire-brands, threw them about the room, and endeavored to set the house on fire. Mr. Haley seized the musket from its accustomed hooks, and as they were only armed with tomahawks, this terrified them, and while Mrs. Haley extinguished the flames he drove them to the woods. After this he joined the garrison. Here was but the beginning of his sad history. From that time the Indian enmity was aroused against him, and they continually watched to waylay him. Several were his escapes, as he always went armed, and was most skilful in the use of his musket. At this time the inhabitants had not built fences, but the cattle grazed in common, and at night were secured in stockades which the settlers erected for them. This was a precaution against wolves which infested the country, as well as protection against the Indians. The cattle wore bells, the sound of which each owner could recognize. One night Mr. Haley's cows did not return with the others. His family waited anxiously till the darkness gathered in the forests. The tinkling of the bell could be distinctly heard, and the cow was evidently not far distant. Mr. Haley started to find her. The sound of the bell kept receding till it came from the depths of the forest. Then there was the report of a musket, and the sound of the bell ceased. The garrison was alarmed, and an armed squad hastened in the direction of the sound. They soon found the cow, slain, and further on the body of Mr. Haley cut in small pieces. A basket was

obtained, and the mutilated flesh, still warm and quivering, was gathered up and borne back to the garrison. The Indians had evidently killed the cow early in the day, and had used the bell as a decoy to lead him on to his destruction. After this his family went to the Isle of Shoals and remained till there was peace with the tribes.

On returning they found their house standing uninjured. It is still owned and occupied by the descendants of the builder. It is an interesting relic of early days, and is strong and firm enough to endure the ravages of another century.

In those trying times the men went armed to their labors in the field, and the women guarded the garrison. Some stood sentry, while others worked at the cards, the wheel, or the loom. One day at this garrison the women at the look-out saw several savages secreted near the house, evidently listening to learn if the men were within. The women at first thought to fire a signal to call the men home, but fearing they would fall into the ambush on their return, they resorted to stratagem to terrify the Indians. They placed hats upon poles and showed them frequently at the windows and above the palisades. The Indians were near enough to hear the movements within. In the upper story of the house was a pile of pumpkins. The women collected these at the head of the stairs, and the woman with the strongest voice commenced giving commands, when at a given signal the others, in regular intervals, rolled the pumpkins down the

stairs. This sounded like the footsteps of a squad of men rushing out of the house ; the women at the same time discharged their muskets, and the Indians, eighteen in number, supposing they were discovered and attacked by a superior force, fled to the woods, and the heroic women “ held the fort.”

JORDAN HOUSE.

All who pass up and down Saco River, notice on a distant hill, on the west side, nearly opposite the terminus of the Orchard Beach Railroad, a large two-storied house, with stately willows in front and a majestic elm on the backside of it. It is on the Pool Road, about two miles from the beach. It is so conspicuous that it should occupy a place in these sketches. It is on the spot where stood the Stackpole Garrison, built in 1720. It was built in 1745 by Judge Rishworth Jordan (son of Captain Samuel, who built the garrison before mentioned). It is now very much in its original condition, having undergone but little alteration, and contains some of its original furniture. The present occupant is Robert E. Jordan, Esq., a grandson of the builder. The willows in front were planted that their roots and branches might protect the sandy hill from drifting away with the wind. From this house stretches east to the river the Jordan estate. On the high land just above Hill's Beach, and opposite the upper end of the breakwater, are “Jordan's Banks,” on which, in 1814, was erected a fort, to protect the river against English invasion ; but as

the river was never afterwards invaded, the fort soon fell into disuse, and received the title of Fort Nonsense.

In the side of this hill, near the river, is a perpetually flowing spring, the waters of which supply the herds that graze in this pasture. It has always been known as Indian Spring, for from this the tribes, when living on this shore, obtained their pure water.

THE OLD BURYING GROUND.

A few rods above the Jordan residence, on the Pool Road, is the oldest Biddeford burying-ground. Near this stood a church, erected in 1719. A few fragments of bricks from its chimneys are all that remain to mark the spot. This old burying-ground is surrounded by a tottering stone wall, which was built in 1830 by the town, to protect this lot. It is to be regretted that so few of its grave-stones remain. Some have been obliterated by time; some have been buried by drifting sand, and more have been crushed by the hands of malicious mischief.

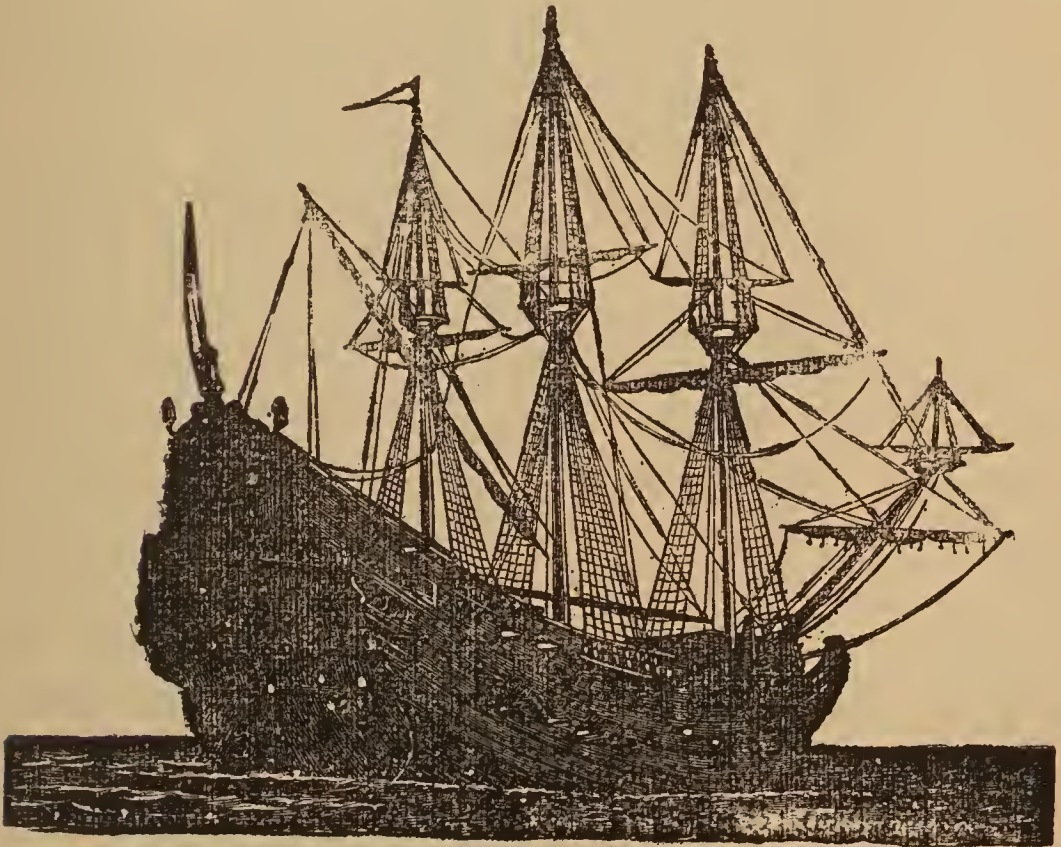
The most prominent building near the boat-landing, at the Pool, is a large three-story storehouse. It seems too large for a settlement so small; but it remains a reminder of the busy days at this place. It was the store of Captain Thomas Cutts, who settled here about a century ago; and was largely engaged in ship-building and foreign and coastwise commerce. His residence was where now stands the Yates House. Captain Cutts, whose wife was a

daughter of Judge Cook, of Bath, dwelt here many years, and was then the distinguished man of the place. He acquired a large fortune. During the war of 1812, between the United States and England, which proved disastrous to the shipping interests of the country, he lost very much of his great estate.

On the 16th of June, 1814, the settlers at the Pool, or on the Neck, were terrified by the announcement that a British man-of-war was in sight. Great consternation prevailed when the *Bulwark*, a distinguished English war-ship, approached the harbor. She lay off near Wood Island, and sent a few shots over the town. A cannon-ball, thrown over across the Pool, into the field of Samuel Tarbox, is now owned by his son John Tarbox, who lives on his father's estate. These few shots created a terrible consternation. There were no fortifications and no soldiers at the place. Messengers were dispatched through the country on horseback, to alarm the inhabitants. All the men capable of bearing arms left their fields and hastened towards the Pool. Women and children fled to the woods with their valuables. One aged lady tells of taking the silver of a wealthy Saco family and burying it in the woods near where is now the Eastern Depot. Others tell of burying their money, and carrying their treasures into the forests. This alarm was not confined to the immediate settlers at the Pool, but it was supposed that the English intended to destroy the unprotected settlements on the coast. These

fears were groundless. The officers and men from the *Bulwark* landed in their barges, and told the terrified inhabitants that no harm would be done them. Their business was to destroy the shipping. They consequently destroyed a new ship upon the stocks ; burnt another, and carried off a third. The vessel that they burnt they chased in from sea, but they were not able to capture her till she landed at the Pool. All these belonged to Captain Cutts. The one carried off they compelled him to ransom. He accordingly went up to town and took from the Old Saco Bank, on Sunday, the required sum, and purchased the vessel back. It was named *The Victory* ; was fitted for sea soon after, and was never heard from after leaving port. Beside the damage to shipping, the officers demanded the keys to Captain Cutts' store — the same store that stands there now, — entered it, and the sailors were given liberty to replenish their wardrobes from the captain's stock, and to fill their canteens from his liquor-casks. What liquors they could not carry away they left running ; and having taken all they wanted, of hats, handkerchiefs, and hosiery, and having left their cast-off ones instead, they left in their boats, and returned to the *Bulwark*. All this was done before American soldiers had arrived. They had only the satisfaction of seeing the burning hulks floating in the Pool ; and of hearing the music from the *Bulwark's* band, which at intervals was borne across the ocean to the shore. It was always supposed that the officers of this ship had some per-

sonal spite against Captain Cutts, and took this mean way to seek revenge. No other property was injured. But from the anecdotes told by the aged, who remember this event, there is no doubt that the inhabitants were greatly terrified. The old storehouse reminds us of that event.



English Ship. Time of Richard Vines.

VII.

FERRY BEACH, OR BAY VIEW.

Location. — Bay View Post Office. — Old Ferry. — Ferry House. — Illustration. — Ferry Beach. — Railroad Communication. — Financial Agent of Park Company. — Indian Rendezvous. — Saco River. — Agiocochock. — Pipe of Peace. — The Breakwater. — Ellis Park.

THE portion of Old Orchard west of Goose Fare* Brook has since 1673 been known as Ferry Beach, from the ferry across Saco River, which was licensed at that time. But a post-office has recently (1880) been established under the government name of Bay View. The ferry, which was just above the river terminus of the Beach Railroad, was an important point of business and pleasure for many years. It was the winter port of Saco, and all the coastwise traffic was carried on here. There was also, previous to the war of 1812, a large West Indian trade from this port. Now the only remnant of those busy days is the old storehouse upon the

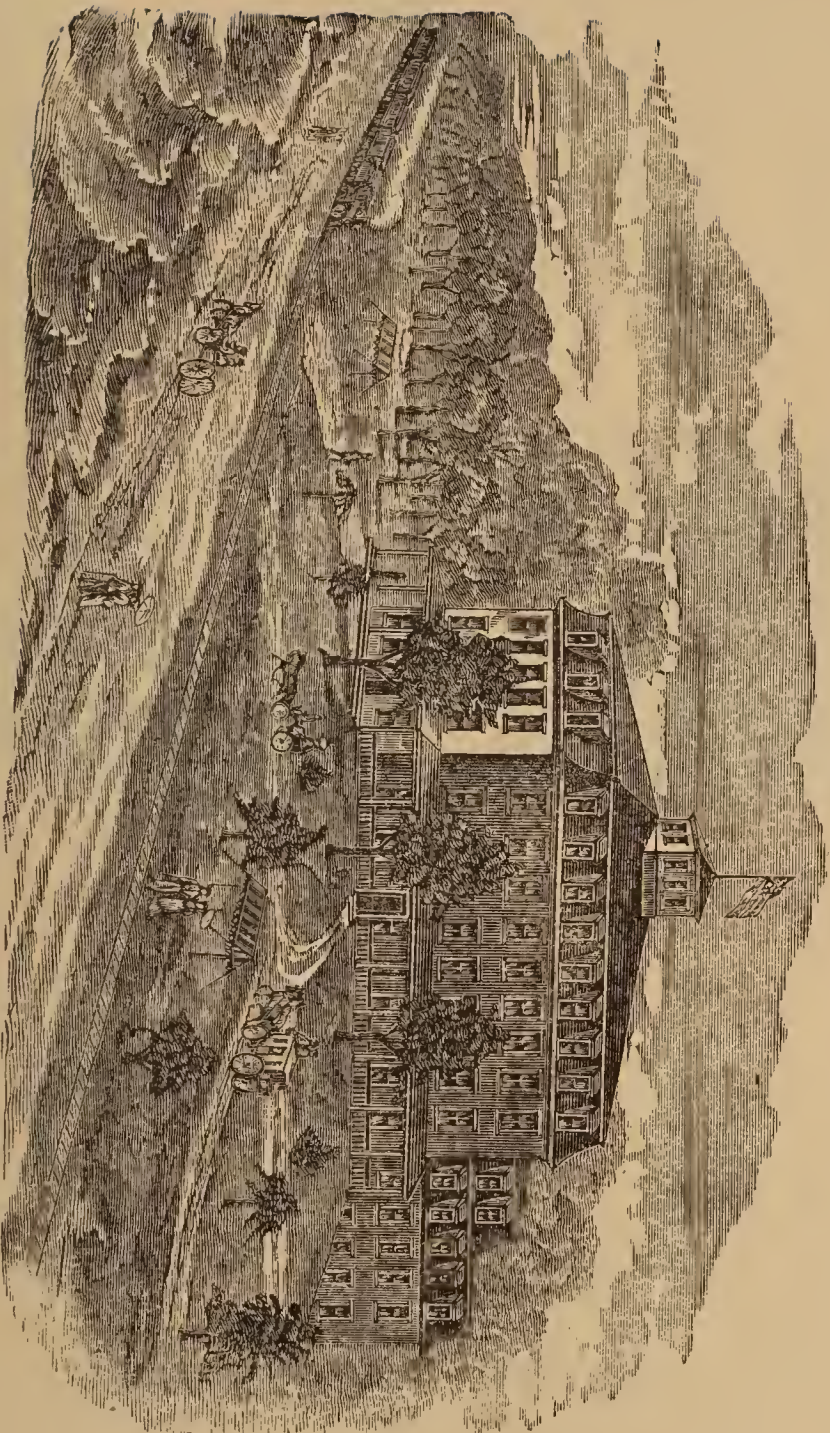
* There is difference of opinion in regard to the orthography of this word. Some spell it *Fair*, others *Fare*. To the author it seems most probable that at this place upon the marshes the wild geese came to feed; hence the name *Goose Fare-feed*.

BAY VIEW HOTEL,

(FERRY BEACH.)

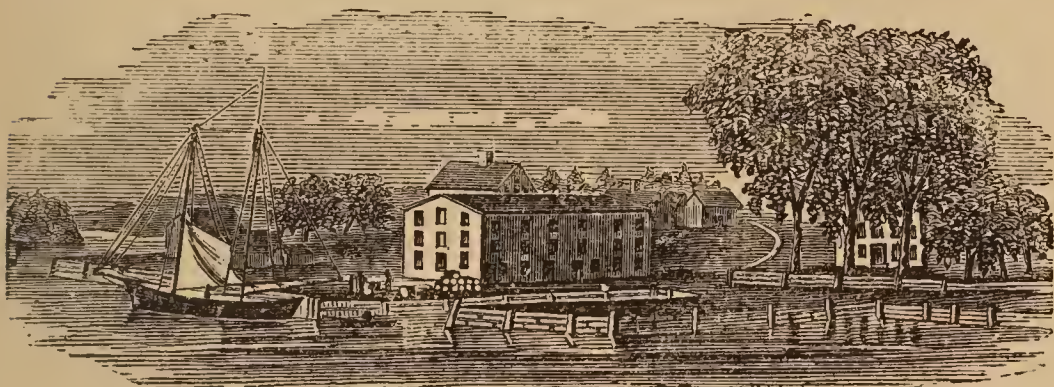
MRS. E. MANSON, PROPRIETRESS.

Bay View, Me.



Accommodates 150 Guests. (See *Hotel Directory*, Chapter X.)

grass-grown wharf. The majestic elms, now standing in front of ruins, once extended their sheltering branches over the Ferry House, that was for many years a popular resort. It was built in 1800 by Captain Asa Steavens for a residence ; was for many years a hotel, under various proprietors, and was burnt in 1876. The following cut shows the place before the house was burnt.



The Ferry on Saco River. 1875.

FERRY BEACH PARK.

A forest lying along the west end of Old Orchard Beach, containing ninety acres, has been carefully laid out in walks, rambles, streets, and avenues, and called Ferry Beach Park. This park is to become a summer settlement. It is located on a pleasing portion of Saco Bay, near the river, and is intersected by the Orchard Beach Railroad, which opens it to railroad communication, and renders it easy of access. Several cottages have been erected ; and attractive lots are inviting purchasers. George F. Caleff, Saco, is financial agent for the Park Com-

pany, with whom business can be transacted. Those seeking a place to build a desirable summer home will find in this park a suitable location.

This was a favorite resort for the early Indian tribes. Nature guided them to picturesque places. Where the scenery was grand or pleasing there they loved to dwell. Here, at the mouth of the Saco, in view of the bright island in the bay, the tribes came to feast upon the sea-birds and shell-fish so abundant at this shore. This was their winter home; but in the spring they journeyed up the river to the falls, in whose foaming waters sported the nimble salmon. They had an especial reverence for the Saco River, for they believed that it descended directly from the home of the Great Spirit, and was opened for the especial benefit of the redmen. The White Mountains, from which the river descends, were by them called Agiocochock, which in ancient Indian nomenclature signified "Home of the Great Spirit." In the cloud-capped summit of these mountains they believed was the "hiding of his power." They considered it sacrilege to approach the top; and, therefore, above the line of shrub vegetation no moccasined foot ever dared tread. From the source of the Saco River, in these mountains, to the ocean, they found a favorite resort — changing their location with the change of season. Winter, however, brought them near the ocean, and at what is now Ferry Beach and the Pool; and along the shores of Hill's Beach was their winter rendezvous. Here was heard the appalling war-whoop, the terrifying

death-song, the heavy tramp of the war-dance, and the subdued voice of Indian council. When the wars of summer were over, to this point came the peace-making chieftains for council. Here they washed the war-paint from their faces, here they buried their arrows and tomahawks, and smoked together the pipe of peace.

THE BREAKWATER.

At the west end of Ferry Beach, just below the terminus of the Beach Railroad at the mouth of the river, extending into the ocean eleven hundred yards, is the Breakwater, built of Biddeford granite by government, in 1869. It was built for the purpose of extending the channel of the river into the ocean, so as to remove a changing sand-bar that obstructed shipping. This breakwater had the desired effect, and now large vessels can pass and repass without grounding.

ELLIS PARK.

Just west of Ferry Beach Park, on the river below the Old Ferry, is a summer settlement of several cottages, in a pine grove near the river and the ocean, known as Ellis Park — from Rev. Mr. Ellis, whose house was the only one in that vicinity till a recent date. Ellis Park can be reached by the river steamer *Augusta*, or by Orchard Beach Railroad. It now is, and for many years has been, a resort of picnic and chowder parties.

VIII.

PINE POINT, AND PROUT'S NECK.

Blue Point Hills. — Signal Station. — Heroic Women. — The King's Highway. — Charles Pine the Hunter. — Hunniwell, the Indian Killer. — Sudden Stop to Indian Sport. — Death of the Nineteen. — Fate of Hunniwell. — Prout's Neck, or Black Point. — Jocelyn captured. — Death of Mogg. — Old Orchard Beach Railroad.

PINE POINT.

THIS is the portion of the beach from Scarboro', on the Dunstan River, to the town of Saco. In the earliest days of the colonies, on the shore, it was known as Blue Point, and the high land west of it was called Blue Point Hills. On this hill, which is about a mile and a half from the shore, was, during the war of 1812, a signal station, at which a sentinel was kept to watch the appearance of any vessel that came along the shore, and to report the approach of the enemy to the signal station at Portland, which was in the Munjoy Tower, which is still standing. This Blue Hill signal station was in charge of James Leavitt. On this hill, in the time of the Indian wars, stood a garrison. It is told that at this garrison an heroic woman, on going to feed her pigs, found two

Indians secreted in the sty. She immediately attacked them with her piggin (a kind of wooden pail without a bail but with one long stave for a handle), and before they could rise from the close quarters in which they had concealed themselves, she slew them both. The present name, Pine Point, is not, as many suppose, from the pine-trees on its shores, but from Charles Pine, a famous hunter and Indian killer, who dwelt here. There was also another distinguished hunter here, — William Newbury, — from whom Newbury's Point, on the south-east portion of Pine Point, received its name. These hunters were much distinguished in the neighborhood for being excellent marksmen. At the east end of the Point was the only ferry across Dunstan River at what is now known as Ferry Rock. The king's highway passed along the shore near where is now the Leavitt House. All travellers through the country had to cross at this ferry, and the ferryman kept an "ordinary," or tavern, near the river. Thus began hotel business at Pine Point. But when bridges were built, and roads laid out through the country, the ferry and ordinary were discontinued. Blue Point settlers suffered much from Indian depredations during the early wars, and filled an important place in the history of those days.

Here dwelt several distinguished hunters and warriors. Here was the home of Richard Hunniwell the "Indian Killer," and of Charles Pine the celebrated marksman. The character and adventure of these men have been depicted so graphically in

Southgate's History of Scarborough, that it will be interesting to quote them here :

“ At the time of the second settlement, an unfinished house, which had remained since the desertion of 1690, stood on Winnock's (Plummer's) Neck. This became a sort of rendezvous for the Indians, where they would occasionally meet and amuse themselves with howling and dancing. One spring, soon after the return of the inhabitants, Mr. Pine discovered that the savages were holding in this shell a series of nightly ‘powwows,’ and at once he determined to improve the occasion for a trial of his skill as a marksman. It was his rule to hunt Indians without any companions but two guns, which he was wont to discharge one immediately after the other, when he fired from a covert. Taking his two guns he went out alone from the garrison early one afternoon, paddled his boat up the Non-such till he came near the house, and then having hid it near the bank of the river, went into the deserted dwelling, got up amongst the beams, and silently awaited the result of his adventure. Soon after dark he heard the expected Indian whistle in the woods around him, and peeping out he saw nearly a score of savages coming towards the place of his concealment, which was at least three miles from the garrison, where was the nearest aid in case the Indians should attack him. Pine, however, was not easily frightened, and probably did not expect any more unfavorable result than that which happened. As the two foremost Indians were

entering the doorway he fired and killed them both, but before he could get ready his other gun for a second discharge the remaining savages were beyond danger from it. They did not even stop to see if their companions were killed. In an hour's time Pine was safe in the garrison examining the guns and ammunition of his victims. Such an occurrence was hardly out of the course of his ordinary life. But the anecdote of Pine, which used to be narrated with the greatest relish by the veterans of the past generation, is the following:—The Indians were in the habit of showing themselves upon the beach between the Ferry and the Neck, and amusing themselves by insulting and provoking the garrison, with the aid of certain significant attitudes and gestures. Pine, with his wonted readiness for such employment, volunteered to put a stop to this recreation. Charging the garrison not to allow the Indians to cut off his retreat, he went out upon the beach one morning before day, and covered himself with rock-weed near the usual scene of the Indians' sport. After waiting patiently until the morning was well advanced, the Indians at length appeared and began their sport. Presently an enormous fellow stepped out from the crowd that he might be fairly seen, and, turning his back towards the garrison, exposed a part of his huge body, which, in the words of Pine, 'shone-like a glass bottle.' The hunter immediately sent his bullet to the precise spot indicated by the Indian's hand. The astounded savages seized their falling comrade, and

rushed headlong into the woods, while Pine walked leisurely back to the garrison, confident that there would be no more such exhibitions within sight of it.

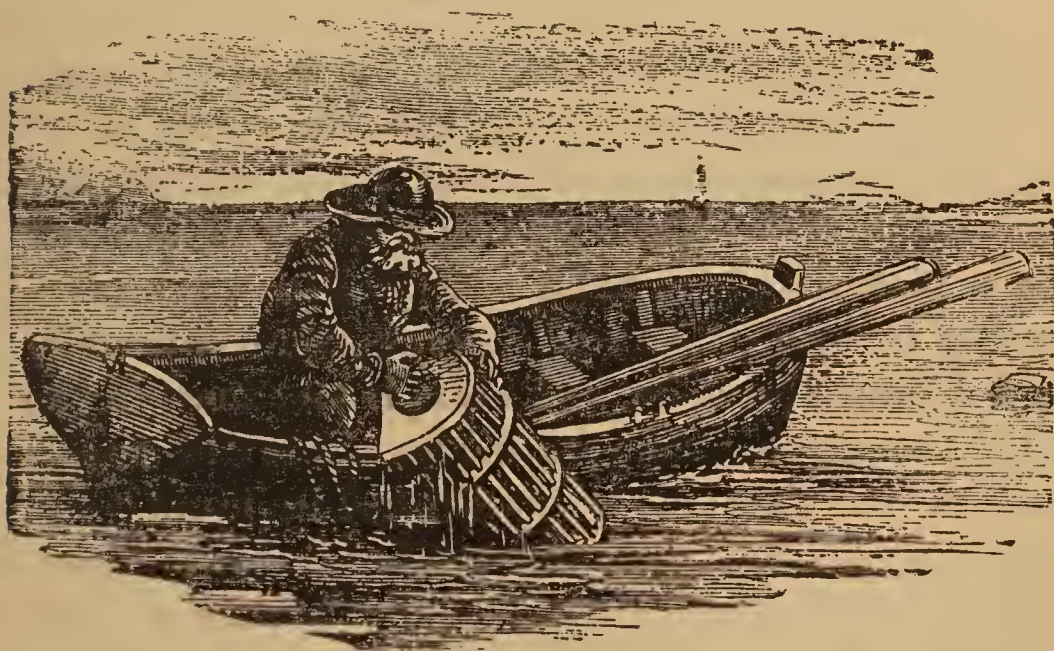
“Hunniwell, the ‘Indian Killer,’ was a more ferocious and irreconcilable foe to the savages. Pine’s most cruel acts against them were always of a sportsman-like character — he was fond of the adventure; but Hunniwell’s hatred of them was such that he would kill them whenever and wherever he met them, regardless of all public treaties of peace. This is, without doubt, to be attributed to his unsatisfied desire of revenge for the death of a dear wife and child, whom the Indians are said to have murdered. Tradition furnishes the following instance of vengeance which he is said to have taken on his foes during a time of peace. A number of the Blue Point planters were warming themselves by the fire in a clam-house, on what is now called ‘Seavey’s Landing,’ when two Indians came in, and setting their guns in the corner, took places by the fire with the planters. Hunniwell entered soon after, in his usual manner; but finding these Indians present, he became remarkably uneasy, and began to pace the floor in a restless manner. The blood of his murdered wife and babe was before his eye. Presently he went to the corner where the guns stood, and taking one up, put it to his shoulder and moved it from side to side as if taking aim at birds on the wing; he then took it from his shoulder, examined the pan, and finding the gun unloaded, put it down and took up the other, with which he

sighted as before, until, getting the heads of the Indians in range, he fired and killed them both. On another occasion he killed *five* Indians at once on the shore of Great Pond, with his famous 'Buccaneer gun.' He also cut off the head of an Indian with a scythe while mowing on the marsh opposite Jane's Point. The circumstances of this singular adventure are briefly these:—While mowing he noticed the Indians on the opposite side of the river, but supposed they were too far off to trouble him. But one of them perceiving that the mower was no less a person than the dreaded Hunniwell, and that his gun was set against a stack of hay some distance from him, undertook to entrap him by silently crossing the river, and creeping up to the gun under cover of the bank. The Indian succeeded in crossing the river, and in getting possession of the gun, before Hunniwell saw him. He continued mowing, however, apparently unconscious of his approach, until the Indian had come within a few yards of him, raised the gun and called out to him, 'Now me kill you, Hunniwell.' The words were hardly out of the Indian's mouth when Hunniwell sprang towards him, shouting at the top of his voice, 'You infernal dog, if you fire at me I will cut you in two with this scythe.' The Indian fired as Hunniwell approached; but it is well known that the savages used a very small quantity of powder in charging their guns compared with what the whites, and especially with what Hunniwell used in his 'Buccaneer,' and the young savage, either not

aware of this or in his haste forgetting it, not only fired over Hunniwell's head, but was *himself* the only person that fell. Before he could recover his feet, Hunniwell had severed his head from his body with the scythe, and fixing it on a pole, he held it up in the sight of the Indians on the opposite shore, and loudly called to them to come over and share the same fate.

“The savages entertained a superstitious dread of this townsman, which did not restrain them, however, from seeking revenge for the Indian blood he had so abundantly shed. The only satisfaction which they were able to obtain for many years, consisted in torturing a poor horse of his which once fell into their hands. They stuck his skin full of pitch-pine splinters, and then set them on fire. The day of a more complete revenge came at last. One morning, in the autumn of 1713, or thereabouts, a party of twenty men left the garrison on the Neck to collect and drive in the cattle, which had been at large during the summer. The peace of Utrecht had just been promulgated here, and it was moreover supposed that there were no Indians in the vicinity. For these reasons the little party marched on with utter carelessness. Hunniwell, who headed the party, had taken with him nothing but a pistol, and others had no arms whatever. A force of *two hundred* Indians had concealed themselves in an alder thicket at the west end of the Great Pond, and as the little company of townsmen passed by on their way to the woods, the savages took deliberate

aim, and fired upon them under the most favorable circumstances. A *single survivor* escaped to the garrison with the tidings, and the men who soon afterwards ventured out to the spot found the nineteen corpses, which they hastily interred in one grave in a little field near the Neck. Hunniwell's body was easily distinguishable from the rest by its horrible mutilation. Soon after they left the garrison one of the party asked Hunniwell why he had not taken his gun with him ; his reply was, that if a gun was needed he might take it from the first person killed. It is to be regretted that the names of those who fell with him have escaped the memory of our aged people."



Lobster Fisherman.

There are now about fifty cottages at this place owned principally by Portland merchants who reside

here during the summer. A portion of the inhabitants dwell here all the year; and at the mouth of the Dunstan River a large business is carried on in canning clams and lobsters. Here is an establishment which gives employment to a large number of people. Scarboro' clams are said to be the best on the coast, and are sought for by epicures from all parts of the country. There is now a Government post-office at this place, and the station of the Boston and Maine Railroad is within half a mile of the shore. The beach, which is the continuation of Old Orchard, is smooth sand, and is bordered by a thick, rich foliage of pines.

PROUT'S NECK.

This is a promontory extending from the town of Scarborough three miles into the ocean, forming the eastern shore of Saco Bay. Nature has lavished her charms upon this place, and fitted it for a picturesque summer resort. There is a grandeur in its bold cliff-bound shore, beaten continually by boisterous breakers, and there is loveliness in the gentle breeze that fans its fields. Here the sun is seen to rise from the ocean, bathed in liquid gold; here his meridian rays are tempered by the mist-laden zephyrs; and from here he is seen to sink amid the fairy-tinted draperies of the golden west. Every hour of the passing day, at this place, bears with it a charm, and gives the mind that constant change which is rest and recreation. The varied

facilities for enjoyment here presented, make this one of the desirable spots for a summer home.



View off Prout's Neck.

EARLY HISTORY OF PROUT'S NECK, OR BLACK POINT.

The first white settler in this vicinity, of which history gives any record, was John Stratton. He dwelt on the island bearing that name as early as

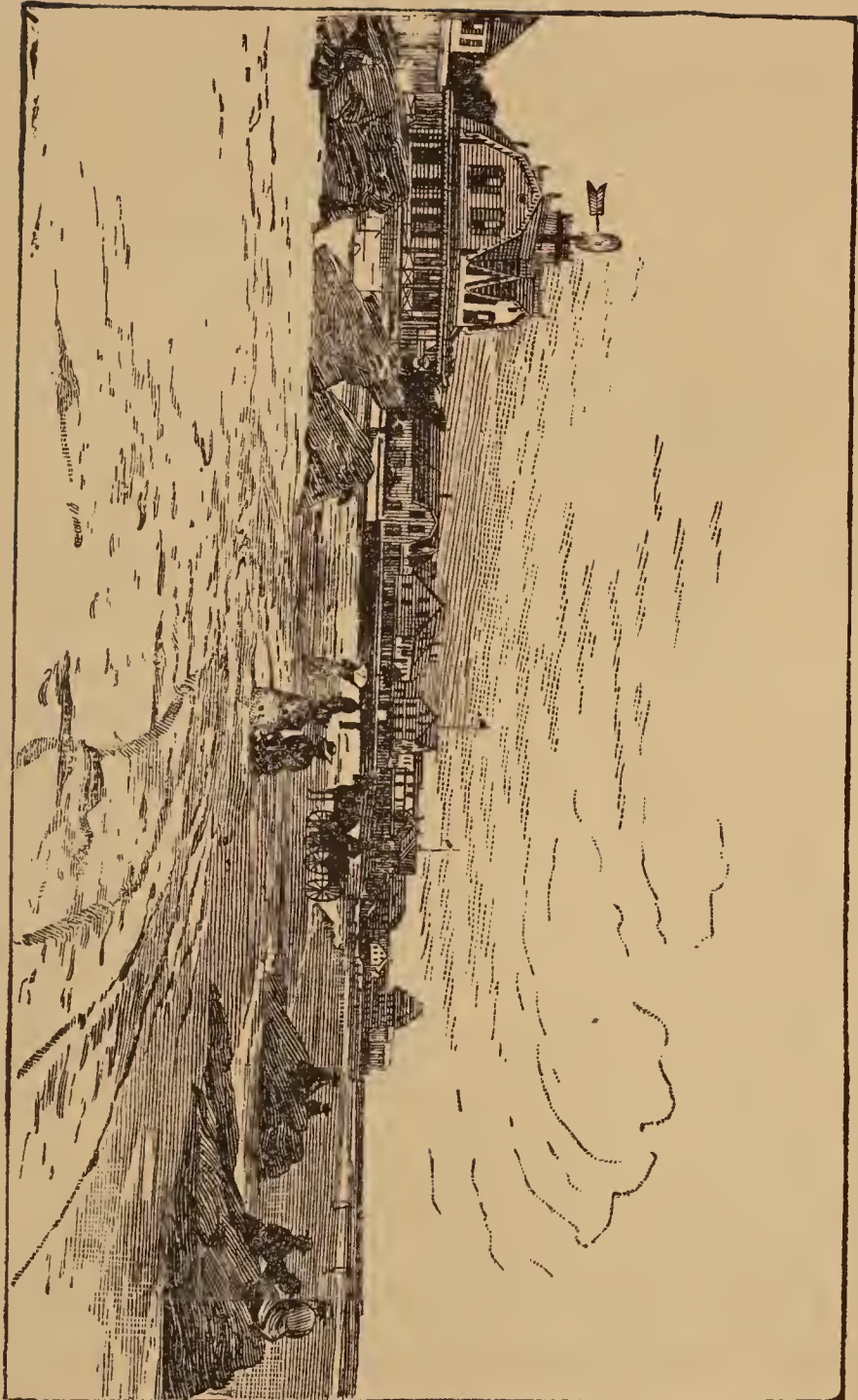
1631. There were, doubtless, other settlers with him, but of their history but little is known. In 1643, however, Thomas Commock received from the council of Plymouth fifteen hundred acres of land, now lying in the town of Scarborough, and settled on the Neck. As this was a most desirable place for fishing or farming, other settlers soon joined him, and in a few years it became quite a settlement. The Neck was originally covered with dark evergreen forests, and hence mariners coming in from the ocean naturally called it Black Point. The present name is from Timothy Prout, who settled here in 1728, and died in 1768. The early settlers of Prout's Neck, in common with the other settlements in the province, suffered extremely during the Indian war. Previous to these wars the place was growing and prosperous, and looked forward to becoming the metropolis of Maine. A large garrison, tradition says, stood on the Neck over an old cellar, near what is now called Garrison Cove. The situation of this rendered it one of the most impregnable in the province of Maine. In the first Indian war mentioned in Chapter IV., the settlers in this region were collected for security in and around this garrison.

In 1678, a short time before the first treaty, a party of about one hundred Indians made a sudden attack on this unprepared and unsuspecting settlement. Mogg, a distinguished chieftain, was the leader of this engagement. He had been on familiar and friendly terms with Captain Henry Jocelyn, who

was in command here. Mogg proposed an interview with Jocelyn outside the fort. Jocelyn met him, and their conversation lasted a long while. The Indians proposed that the garrison be surrendered to them without a contest, but Jocelyn would not consent to it without asking the advice of those within, and returned for that purpose. To his astonishment he found that all the inmates, except his own family, had fled by boat. They had become alarmed at his continued absence, and had left him to use his own judgment in regard to surrendering his garrison. He being quite an old man at the time, did not deem it prudent to resist a so much greater force, and surrendered the garrison, himself and family becoming captives. It is reported that they were treated with kindness, and returned in a few months. This was a great achievement for the Indians, but exceedingly discouraging for the settlers, who scattered from here into other settlements, and remained till the next year, when they returned and again settled on their desolated plantations; and the garrison was placed under the command of Lieutenant Tippen, who came with a company of soldiers to the defence of the place. Having once been successful in capturing this place, the Indians were encouraged to attack it again, May 13th, 1677, and the siege lasted three days, when Lieutenant Tippen succeeded in shooting the celebrated warrior Mogg. This caused the English great rejoicing, for Mogg was a dreaded foe to all white settlers. At the fall of their leader the savages abandoned the attack and left in their canoes.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH RAILROAD.

One of the attractions of Old Orchard Beach has always been the charming drive along its shore. This, however, could be enjoyed only at low tide, and by those who could afford the luxury of a private carriage. But to meet the demands of the general public, and bring this enjoyable recreation accessible to all, a company of sagacious and enterprising men obtained a charter from last winter's legislature for a railroad from the Dunstan to the Saco River or along the whole line of Old Orchard Beach. This road has now been built from the Old Orchard Station of the Boston and Maine to Saco River, (J. M. Robbins Lewiston, builder,) and was first opened for travel, June 26, 1880. It passes along the Beach close to the water for three miles, and at Saco River connects with steamers and yachts for Biddeford Pool and the Islands. It is furnished with elegant open observation cars, which are driven at slow speed, and are stopped, like horse-cars, at any point along the Beach, for the accommodation of passengers. By way of this road, Bay View, Ferry Beach Park, and Biddeford Pool are connected with the Boston and Maine Railroad at Old Orchard Station, and with the steamboat transportation on Saco River; and the luxury of a three miles' ride along the lovely shores of Saco Bay is furnished at a trifling expense.



Scene on Old Orchard Beach

IX.

SEPARATING SACO.

*Old Orchard as an Independent Municipality.—
First Town-Meeting.—New Town Officers.*

THE spirit of enterprise which has always characterized the inhabitants of Old Orchard, moved them to desire more privileges than was granted them under the government of Saco. In 1882 the question of separation was earnestly agitated. A petition, signed by one hundred and ten of the voters at Old Orchard proper, was presented to the Legislature at the session of 1883, asking that they might be incorporated as a distinct township under the name of Old Orchard. The citizens of Saco opposed this movement, employed able counsel to represent them, and made strong efforts to defeat the movement, but the persistency of the petitioners and the justness of their course prevailed, and an act of incorporation was signed by Governor Robie, February 20, 1883. Old Orchard thus became an independant organization. The portion incorporated embraces about one fifth the original city limits. The first town-meeting was held March 8, 1883, and Ebenezer C. Staples

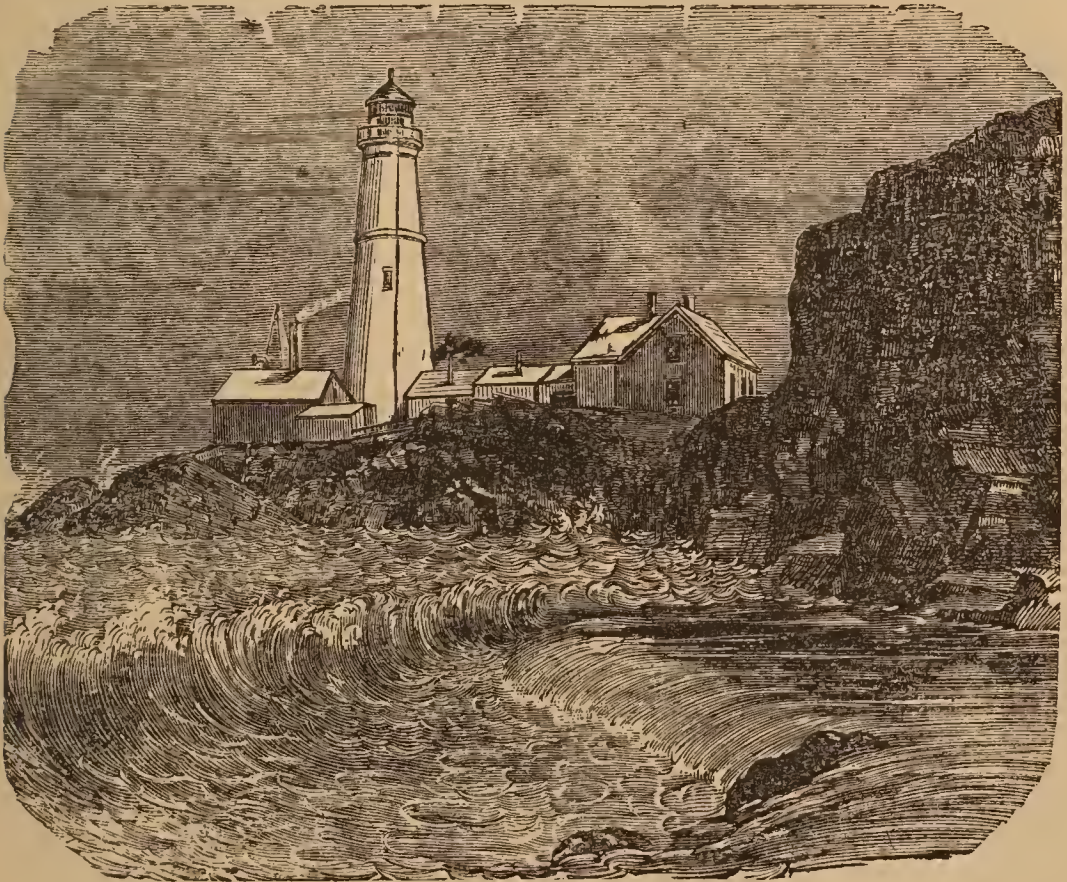
(on his 75th birthday), Isiah Milliken, and Parker Horley, were chosen selectmen, and William F. Fernold town-clerk. Since this separation Old Orchard has improved and illuminated its streets; introduced a complete system of sewerage, and an efficient fire department, and has shown that it is well worthy of its independence and thoroughly capable of self-government.

X.

HOW TO REACH THE SHORES OF
SACO BAY.

PORTLAND AND BOSTON STEAMERS.

FOR Bostonians and tourists passing through Boston, to or from Old Orchard, Prout's Neck, or Biddeford Pool, there is no conveyance more con-



Portland Light.

venient and comfortable than by these steamers. They leave India Wharf, Boston, for Portland, every

evening at seven o'clock; and returning, leave Portland for Boston at the same hour. Old Orchard is fifteen miles west of Portland, from which six trains daily pass it, the earliest leaving Portland at six A.M.

Passengers by this route can leave Boston at night; thus they have a view of Boston harbor, see islands and distant shores at sunset, avoid the heat, dust, and fatigue of railroad travel, have a night's quiet slumber, pass the islands and picturesque scenery of Portland at sunrise, and with a railroad ride of only thirty minutes, arrive at Old Orchard in time for early breakfast. By taking advantage of the generous excursion rates offered by the company, an interesting tour may be made at a trifling expense.

BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD.

In 1873 this road, which had previously extended only from Boston to South Berwick, on the west side of Maine, was opened through to Portland along the coast, through Wells, Kennebunk, Saco, and Scarboro'. Thus the seaside resorts were accommodated with railroad facilities, and Old Orchard, which previously could be reached only by a stage journey of four miles, was favored with two commodious depots on its shores. This brought increased patronage, and each summer the Boston and Maine has been a popular thoroughfare for all guests of Old Orchard. During the present year the depot

has been enlarged to meet the demand of travel. Four trains daily pass between Boston and Portland, besides local trains between Kennebunk and Portland; hence the train accommodations on this road are all that can be desired.

PINE POINT.

Pine Point is reached from Pine Point Station on the Boston and Maine Railroad. The Leavitt House is half a mile from the station. A postoffice is here.

PROUT'S NECK.

Prout's Neck can be reached by the Eastern Railroad from Oak Hill Station, distance five miles; or from the Boston and Maine Railroad at Scarborough Station, distance four miles. Mr. Libby, who resides near the station, furnishes comfortable carriages for the transportation of passengers. "Oak Hill, Maine," is the postoffice address for Prout's Neck.

BIDDEFORD POOL.

Biddeford Pool can be reached from Biddeford or Saco, via steamer *Augusta* down Saco River, distance, nine miles; or by Orchard Beach Railroad from Old Orchard Station of the Boston and Maine Railroad. Telegraph connects with Biddeford, and a post is here.

Prominent at Biddeford Pool is the SEA-VIEW HOUSE, owned by Mr. FRED. T. BROWN of New York, and managed by Mr. J. A. BAILEY, who has had extensive hotel experience. This house is in every particular especially deserving of patronage.

Terms, \$3.00 per day; from \$15.00 to \$17.50 per week.

HOTEL DIRECTORY.

[The following hotels are especially worthy the patronage of the travelling or pleasure-seeking public. Those marked * have illustrations in this book.]

HOTEL FISKE.*

Erected in 1882, on the site of the former Fiske House and St. Cloud, which were burnt in 1881. This house has, under the efficient management of the proprietor, C. H. FISKE, become one of the most popular at Old Orchard. It has accommodations for 350 guests. The situation is so close to the ocean that a delightful sea breeze is enjoyed at all times. The whole appointments of this house are according to the best modern inventions. Suites of apartments fitted for families are especially attractive. Entertainment for guests liberally provided.

Terms : From \$12 to \$20 per week ; special rates for the season ; half rates for June and September.

HOTEL EVERETT

Built in the spring of 1884. Open to guests after June 20. It is furnished with every regard for comfort. The cuisine is kept at a high standard. The location is within a few yards of the ocean, the depots, telegraph, and postoffice.

Though this is the opening season of this house, the management shows an adaptability to the business which presages a popular and successful career.

☞ Terms per day, \$2.00 to \$3.00. Special rates to permanent guests.

MRS. W. F. LIBBY, Proprietress.

THE NEW PLEASANT HOUSE.*

The great fire at Old Orchard destroyed the Pleasant House, which had been deservedly popular for many years. The proprietors, S. D. MOULTON & SON, have erected upon the same location a larger and better house, so situated that a view of the ocean can be obtained from every room. It has ample accommodations for one hundred and fifty guests. The sanitary condition of the locality has been judiciously regarded; sewerage has been recently introduced, and the Old Orchard Aqueduct Company has introduced an abundant supply of pure spring water. Piazzas, halls, parlor, and music rooms are furnished with every attraction for the entertainment of guests.

Terms: From \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day, or \$9.00 to \$15.00 per week. With families, or parties spending the whole season, special rates are made.

THE ALDINE HOTEL.

OLD ORCHARD, MAINE.

This hotel, which ranks among the best in New England, is situated on the beach, with the majestic ocean on one side, and on the other, charming forest and park scenery. The situation renders it an especially attractive home for seaside pleasure seekers. It is four stories, with a central pavilion six stories. The sleeping apartments are so located that from each side there is a pleasing view of the ocean or

inland country. The constructions and furnishing of this entirely new house — built since the great fire — is according to the latest improvements. It is supplied with pure spring water, and the surrounding grounds and the beach are illuminated by electricity. Terms, \$3.00 per day. Special rates by the week.

Address

S. HAINES, Manager.

OCEAN HOUSE.

This house, occupying one of the most prominent locations at Old Orchard, has accommodation for four hundred guests. This year (1884) it is under the control of a company of experienced and popular hotel managers, whose success in other houses is a guaranty of their ability to make this house as popular as others with which they have been connected. Their object is to make it a house of comfort and pleasure rather than expensive luxuries.

☞ Terms, from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day, or \$8.00 to \$15.00 per week. Special rates in June and July, and to permanent guests. All applications may be addressed to

J. B. MERRILL.

J. B. MERRILL,	} <i>Managers.</i>
GEO. E. HASTINGS,	
E. E. POST,	
H. T. HUNT,	

SEA SHORE HOUSE.

This popular house, with accommodations for three hundred guests, is open after June 10.

The location is most central, fronting Old Orchard

Street on the East, and the Atlantic Ocean on the South. It commands an ocean view unsurpassed, and a full view of the driving and promenading on the beach.

The sanitary conditions of this house are perfect.

The cuisine of this hotel, always famous, is second to none and will fully meet the expectations of the most exacting.

Pure spring water is supplied through wooden pipes from the hills in the interior.

Special rates and inducements are offered those who take rooms early in the season.

F. G. STAPLES, Proprietor.

THE OLD ORCHARD HOUSE.*

This hotel, which was erected in 1876, stands upon the spot where once was the residence of Rev. John Fairfield, first minister of Saco. It is on an eminence commanding a full view of the whole beach and the surrounding country. It has accommodations for five hundred guests, and is a perfect house in all its appointments. E. C. STAPLES, the pioneer of modern hotel business, is the proprietor.

BAY VIEW HOTEL.*

FERRY BEACH.

This hotel, which accommodates one hundred and fifty, is at the west end of Old Orchard, at Ferry Beach, or Bay View, and is connected with the Boston and Maine Railroad at Old Orchard via Orchard Beach Railroad. Mrs. E. MANSON, the distinguished proprietress of the St. Cloud, has made

this house popular. Terms, \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day ; per week, \$10.00 to \$15.00.

All that need be said is to quote from its distinguished patrons :

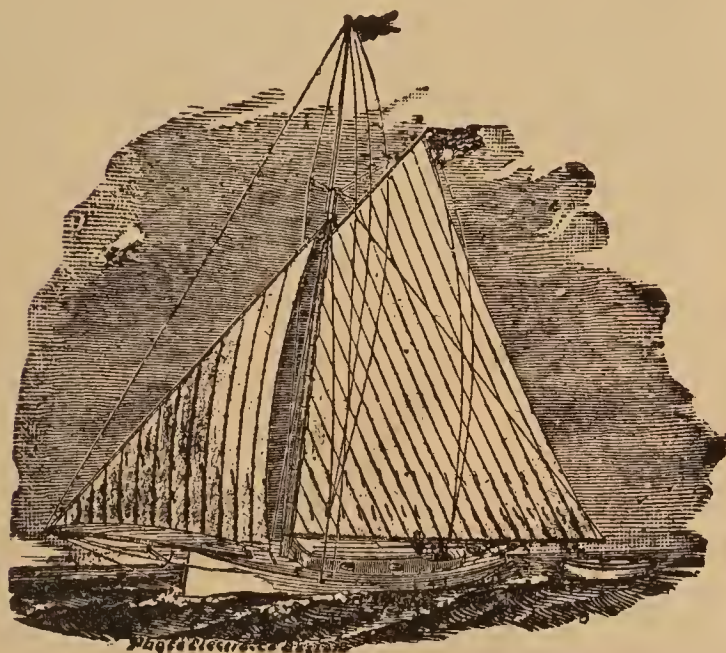
“ Having spent two very happy and restful summers at the Bay View House, Ferry Beach, I am glad to call the attention of others to so lovely a resort. I do not know of another place anywhere that combines so many advantages and beauties of bay, beach, and forest, as this. Those who want a place particularly attractive for families, where there are enough pleasant people and not too many social demands, will do well to examine this. I know of no finer spot on the Maine coast, and that means no finer spot anywhere : for the Maine coast is the finest in America.” — *Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston.*

“ Having tried various seaside places, I am free to say that the Bay View House is the most desirable and attractive of any I know along the shore. It unites the most beautiful beach and sea prospects with the most charming forest drives and walks, a well-kept house, agreeable company without the crowds and confusion and burdensome demands of society, which detract from the agreeableness of some other watering-places. I know no spot where I would more willingly make my summer retreat than Ferry Beach.” — *Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

“ The Bay View House has many advantages, among them, not the least, freedom from all dangers connected with drainage, also an excellent supply of pure drinking water, from a spring in the heart of a grove remote from all habitations. Few watering-places are so nearly faultless in these respects, while very few have so many in-door comforts as well as out-of-door local attractions. *Henry Hartshorne, A.M., M.D.*

Bay View is reached by stage from Saco and Biddeford, or via Orchard Beach Railroad from Old Orchard Station of Boston and Maine Railroad. Its post-office address is “ Bay View, Maine.”

Besides the principal hotels which are especially mentioned, there are at Old Orchard more than thirty hotels and boarding-houses worthy of public patronage, and those who seek rest and recreation at this beach can always find ample accommodations.



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